

Ruth Baldry.

Vox Fluminis



1933

\$35
JA

VOX FLUMINIS

EDITED BY
THE PUPILS OF RIVERBEND SCHOOL

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WINNIPEG

EDITORIAL STAFF

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GRADE X. MARY COWAN

GRADE IX. MARGARET ALDOUS

GRADE VIII. SHIRLEY JOHNSTON

GRADE VII. WINIFRED DAVIDSON

JUNIOR SCHOOL

IRIS NORMAN

EDITORIAL

1933 Vox Fluminis—edited by the pupils of Riverbend School! May we thank Miss Erith for this mighty step onward.

Now we are four. We are also toddling quite by ourselves. To be sure we are not very strong yet but we're growing fat and oh! so proud. We remember when we were very young and couldn't walk alone, even holding on to the hand that held ours so tightly.

Now, however, that hand has shown us the way and sent us off to walk on our own. We don't know how far we shall get as we get older, but we know we're having exciting adventures and please, please, we mustn't stumble before we get there.

—The Editor.

MISS ERITH'S FOREWORD

On suggesting that the School edit Vox Fluminis, I was agreeably surprised to find how enthusiastically the idea was received. As a result an Editorial Staff was appointed from Grades XI. and XII., with a Committee of Class Representatives to assist. The Editorial Staff quickly started work and soon the files in the magazine office were filled with contributions.

A School Magazine provides an excellent opportunity for those who wish to become writers and journalists. Let us hope that Vox Fluminis may contain the early work of some of the rising generation of novelists and poets! One thing is certain: the editing of this number has given those responsible some insight into the pleasures and pitfalls of journalism.

I think everyone must agree that the capability and enthusiasm shown by Carla Lehmann and her staff have produced a magazine of which Riverbend may be proud.

B. M. ERITH.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

"Riverbend,"

Spring, 1933.

My dear Girls,

It hardly seems possible that this is the fourth letter of greeting I have written to you. But the calendar tells me it must be so, for we have now reached "Spring, 1933" and I first wrote to you in that of 1930.

Each year I have brought to your notice some of the outstanding changes which it particularly has brought. In the youth of Riverbend these were chiefly physical changes. We chronicled the appearance of new buildings, and so forth. Now, however, paralleling the growth of a real child, we have reached the age when our progress is not so much in outward things as in those perhaps more important aspects which in a man or woman we would call the mental or spiritual. I do not mean of course that environment is not important and I think we should never cease to be grateful that we have such beautiful grounds and such dignified and useful buildings; but they would be nothing without the living spirit of the school they house, and I do feel that we have seen a great development in that direction during the past year. The responsibility assumed by the prefects for the general conduct and tone of the school and the greater share taken by your own committee in the editing and managing of this magazine illustrate in part what I mean. Then again I have felt, and hope that you have felt also, that we are all—staff and students alike—drawing closer together and becoming very much more one whole, all working together for one common end and merging something of our own personalities in what we may now almost begin to call the spirit of Riverbend. I, personally, have felt much joy in the growth of this spirit of unity, which is one of the most important, in fact probably *the* most important of achievements.

I should like, therefore, for myself to thank you for your support, of which I have been increasingly conscious this year, and which has been such a great help and inspiration to me. It is in no spirit of mock humility that I say that my own interest in and affection for you individually seems to me a very small return. Once more however let me assure you of it as I sign myself,

Yours affectionately,

JOAN M. V. FOSTER,

Principal.



THE STAFF

(From Left to Right):

Back Row—Miss Winton, Miss Gregory, Miss Bowman, Miss Vaux, Mrs. Dempsey, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Chestnut, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss MacDougall, Miss Pitblado.
Front Row—Miss Erith, Miss Cull, Miss Foster (Principal), Mrs. Laing, Miss Fraser.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

Sept. 10th Saw troops of tunic-clad Riverbenders assembling once again in familiar haunts. There were a few faithful faces lacking at the assembly, but several new ones appeared in the ranks of the staff as well as in those of the pupils. Miss Foster, in true "Fosterian" style, welcomed us back to the halls of our Alma Mater.

Oct. 3rd After a staff meeting at which the school longed to be a witness, the names of three of the Prefects were announced, the remaining two to be appointed at Christmas. Those appointed were: Grace Clark, Peggy Carlisle and Mary Walston. This ceremony was observed earlier than intended, at the request of the school, and it is to be hoped the school will co-operate with the efforts of the Prefects.

Oct. 7th: The results of the elections for School Captain were announced. Of the three candidates, Mary Walston, Grace Clark, and Betty Dailley, winners of the preliminary elections, Mary Walston succeeded in gaining a majority of votes and will take up her new duties backed by the confidence of the school.

Oct. 20th: A double row of seniors walked over to Rupertsland in the morning to listen to Mr. Glanville, a visiting lecturer, and eminent Egyptologist. Ravenscourt too was well represented. All the students listened interestedly to a vivid account of life in ancient Egypt as compared with that of modern Egypt. Mr. Glanville also spoke at the Walker Theatre in the evening.

Oct. 28th: Was Initiation Day. The poor girls with the dread stamp "new" attached to them waited in fear and trembling. Some of them were conducted through class initiations as well as school. For once the older girls had the satisfaction of having their due respect paid them, or woe to the unsuspecting new girl.

Oct. 28th: Taking the oath was duly observed at the evening ceremonies of the senior school. A notice had been posted that no costumes were to be hired, and what a good idea it turned out to be! Grade XI., as conveners, arrived as babies. We will let the School answer as to whether they made a success of the party.

Nov. 11th: An Armistice Service was held in the great hall at 11 o'clock, to which the parents were invited. Miss Kidd, a Canadian representative at Geneva, spoke to a very interested assembly, about the International League and what the combined efforts of the youth of all nations could accomplish in the abolishing of war in the future.

Dec. 2nd: The annual Christmas concert was held. A capacity audience embarked on a novel programme. It was opened by a long procession of hooded monks, solemnly chanting an old English processional. They slowly wended their way up the centre aisle to the stage where, grouped around a glowing fire, they sang Christmas carols.

The Junior Glee Club played "A Scene in the Manger." Junior French classes sang some charming little "Chansons Françaises," and a little play, "Make Believe," by A. A. Milne, was performed by the Senior School under the direction of Miss Erith.

Dec. 9th: Great excitement in prayers. Miss Foster announced the names of the other two prefects, after another one of those interesting Staff Meetings. The girls thus honored were Betty Neal and Frances Aikins. They were welcomed with joy by the other prefects and well approved of by the school.

Jan. 28th: We were told that the "Alumnae Society" was very anxious to assist in some school project. The most important one we have is the buying of stage curtains.

Accordingly they gave a silver tea attended by many of the school and numerous outside friends. The results amounted to seventy-five dollars and the tea was very successful. Thank you very much "Alumn's!"

Jan. 30th: It was announced in prayers that there would be a "ten cent tea" in the drawing-room, and all the school was invited. At three-ten we all went tripping gaily into the "Grey House." We had such a nice time and thoroughly enjoyed the "tea and eats." Incidentally we now have an additional nine dollars for the curtain fund.

Feb. 21st: Following our annual custom the school had "Open Day." Parents and friends found their way through the halls to the class-rooms and were interested spectators of our different classes. This practice seems to be well appreciated by the parents for it gives them an opportunity of seeing for themselves the work we are doing and the progress we are making.

Mar. 10th: Our splendid new curtains rolled back to show scenes from "Strewel Peter" done by the Junior School. Then came a French play, "L'Eté de la Saint-Martin," played by four grade eleven girls, directed by "Mademoiselle." An English play, "The Rose and the Ring," by Browning, followed. The characters were chosen from Grade VIII. to X., and the play was produced by Miss Erith. The big hall was crowded, the plays were well received, and the proceeds will go to complete "the curtain fund."

Mar. 24th: The school disported itself at the Gym Display to the brisk tune of Miss Bowman's commands. Games, dances, pyramids and apparatus work were displayed for parents and friends.

April 28th: The first and second basketball teams struggled with Rupertsland in tremendously exciting games, in the Rupertsland gymnasium. Their second team, and our first won the matches. A scrumptious tea followed.

May 5th: The return basketball matches with Rupertsland were played in our gymnasium. And again their second team and our first were victorious. We too served tea.

May 15th: The Junior Glee Club competed in the Musical Festival and were very successful in winning the shield. They sang well and we are proud of them.

May 16th: The Senior Glee Club entered the Musical Festival. There was great suspense as the decision was very close, finally being in favor of Rupertsland. Congratulations.



<i>Name</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Pet Saying</i>	<i>Known as</i>	<i>Famed for</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
Frances Aikins ①	Playing hymns	I don't know a darned thing!	Dime	Her impersonation of Mme. Lebreton	To get there on time
Enid Wertheim ②	Talking	I nearly swallowed my back teeth	Sneak	Her eye-lashes	To be a lady of affairs
Betty Dailley ③	Listening to Ben Bernie	Well, what do you want for \$1.35?	Squaw	Basketball	To be a journalist.
Betty Neal ④	Jerry	Mam!	Betty Neal	Smart lady	Undecided
Kathleen Griffiths ⑤	Toronto	Deep silence	Anonymous	Many dwellings	To be late for study
Margaret Elders ⑥	Doing jig-saws	What! No Mickey Mouse?	Marg.	Her laugh	?
Mary Jane Austin ⑦	Betty Neal	Wha-wha-I don't understand	Jerry	Her chuckle	To be a farmer's wife
Grace Clark ⑧	Dancing	Anonymous	Clace-a	Angel Food	To be a nurse
Dorothea Tait ⑨	Hooking biscuits	My womanly intuition tells me	Tait	Her womanly intuition	To be matron of an orphanage
Betty Ray Parton ⑩	Enjoying her "trip"	Oooh - - - Carly	"Libby Sunny"	Falling	To write
Carla Lehmann ⑪	Acting	Censored	Carly	Peter Pan	To know Sir James Barrie
Peggy Carlisle ⑫	"Flare"	I thought Ah! I was going to be so smart	Peg	Riding	Medicine
Isobel Burch ⑬	Bridge	Dee Whid!	Ishbel	History Essays	Questionable

GRADUATION

At the end of every school year at Riverbend, which is generally in June, the many girls clad in white, assemble for the closing exercises. Each year special attention is paid to the girls in Grade Eleven who are graduating. For the majority of them it is the last year at Riverbend, and the ceremony that accompanies graduation is one full of solemnity and sentiment. It is not merely the long white dresses that they wear, nor the bouquets of roses which they carry, that create these feelings; it is the thought of leaving school, school friends and school associations for other pursuits that provides this atmosphere. Some of the girls have been attending Riverbend ever since it was instituted four years ago, and the school has come to be *almost* a part of their lives.

Among all the graduates there is not one girl who will leave the school without some regret. For although all school girls may say they dislike school, when it comes to leaving it they are surprised to find they are doing so with some sadness. It will be hard to realize, when graduating, that we have reached the end of our real school days, for whatever we may do afterwards, whether it be university, boarding school or going abroad, it will not be like our former school days. When we have once left Riverbend we will never be able to enter it on the same level again. The girls who were young when we were there will be growing up, and many little things will be changed. That is why we view our coming graduation with both happiness and sadness, loath to leave our school, yet looking forward to what the future may hold for us, with great expectancy.

—Frances Aikins,
Grade XI.



THE COUNCIL

(Left to Right):

Back Row—Mary Walston (School Captain), Betty Moxan (Grade VIII.), Vivian Keeler (Grade VII., Vice-Pres.), Margaret Aldous (Grade IX.), Grace McCurdy (Grade X.)

Front Row—(Prefects) Betty Neal, Grace Clark (Grade XI.), Peggy Carlisle, Frances Aikins.



Athletics at Riverbend play an important part in the daily life of the school, and the afternoon games periods offer a splendid variety of activities. September saw the grounds dotted with girls practising for Field Day. High jump, broad jump, baseball throw and dashes kept everyone busy, until an early snow drove us indoors, and postponed the meet until the spring.

November brought the beginning of the basketball season, and gym classes were well underway.

Deep snow in December made tobogganing and skiing on the river banks the popular sports, and basketball continued in the gym.

In January inter-class basketball matches were played, and outside the rink was gay with skaters, at all hours of the day. We even boasted a hockey team for a time—unsteady—but enthusiastic!

February and March were given over to hard work for the gym display, the effort being well repaid on the night of March 24th. May I say how proud I was of you all.

The highlights of April were the Riverbend-Rupert's Land basketball games, in which the First and Second Teams divided the honors with Rupert's Land, and made a fitting close to the basketball season.

And now we are outdoors again—and baseball and bicycles are the order of the day. Soon tennis and archery will claim our attention, and so we finish our year of sports—with a feeling of something accomplished and another year to look forward to!

—Miss Gwendolyn Bowman.

Gwen M. Bowman

THE GYM DISPLAY

If you had happened to be in Riverbend School any time during the day of March 24th, you would have noticed an atmosphere of suppressed excitement, and in one or two cases it wasn't exactly suppressed. The teachers themselves seemed to have the "Oh I wish it was over" air and slowly but surely you yourself would have become very curious to know what it was all about. At last you would inquire and the person you asked would give you an injured look and reply "The gym display—tonight—didn't you know?" The morning and afternoon dragged slowly for the girls, who alternately dreaded and hoped the evening would come.

At last 7.45 came and the girls began making their appearance at the school. At eight o'clock it started and as each class went up whispered "good lucks" were given them by those whose turn had yet to come. The Kindergarten and Grades I. and II. had gone through their marching and Grades III. and IV. were playing their games when the call came for the senior group for apparatus. Each girl as she waited for her turn secretly hoped and prayed it would not be she who slipped or made a mistake. Grades VII., VIII. and IX. patiently waiting, could be heard mumbling "Up, down, 1, 2 3," or instructions to that effect because no one relished the idea of being out of count when doing Danish gymnastics. The Grades V. and VI. went up next to do their folk dances and Grade X., while waiting, tried their strength for their tumbling and pyramids. The Grades XI. and XII., calm and composed, as was becoming to the senior grades, waited, feeling confident their Swedish gymnastics would not go amiss. The tap dancers went up next and when the strains of the "Side Walks of New York" were wafted down to us we lined up for our grand finale.

All had gone well, the atmosphere changed to one of relief and satisfaction and if you should have chanced to inquire why it had changed, the person you asked would look at you in disgust and say "The gym display—over—didn't you see it?"

—Inas George, Grade X.



FIRST AND SECOND BASKETBALL TEAMS

(Left to Right):

Back Row—Marion McCurdy, Kay Hall, Mary McLean, Mabel Stewart, Betty Neal, Marnie Austin, Ariel Anderson, Grace Clark (Captain, 2nd Team).

Middle Row—Jane Whyte, Peggy Carlisle, Betty Dailley (Captain, 1st Team), Carla Lehmann, Inas George.

Front Row—Frances Aikins, Ruth Baldry, Miss Bowman, Grace McCurdy, Eleanor Flett.

SENIOR SCHOOL



The following story "The Trapper's Adventure," by Morna Kenny, was awarded first prize in the Senior School Short Story Contest. "A Fire," by Isobel Hutchison came second. "A Piece of Gum," by Margaret Aldous and "The Adventures of a Dollar Bill" by Katharine Walton gained Honorable Mention.

THE TRAPPER'S ADVENTURE

In a remote spot in the Rocky Mountains where there was no one but white trappers and Indians, lived a young trapper named Tom Hawkins. He trapped wild animals in the winter and in the summer he took the pelts down to the village and sold them.

One day in mid-winter Tom Hawkins was in his cabin cleaning his gun. He was a tall young man about twenty-five years old, fair, broad shouldered, and very bronzed.

"I guess I'll go and see to my traps," he said, after a while. He picked up his gun, strapped his snowshoes on his back and started off. The first trap he reached he saw snowshoe marks all around. He did not think anything of it but he said, "I hope those Indians didn't touch my traps."

He went over to a tree and leaned against it. He heard a rustle in the bushes and a voice said, "See that there tree above ye?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Wal, reach for it," said the voice, "I got a gun and I'm a good shot." Tom slowly put his hands above his head.

"Go an' get his gun, King," said the man.

"O.K. Pete," replied another voice.

There was a movement in the bushes and a tall man with a black beard stepped out and took Tom's revolver. The next thing the man did was to tie Tom's hands behind his back and order him to get a move on. With one man in front of him and another behind him Tom approached an old tumbled-down shack. "Tie him up well, an' leave him there," said Pete, "while I hunt for his traps."

About two hours later Pete came back and started to cook the meal. "King," he shouted.

"What do ye want?" replied King.

"Bring that young friend of ours out here so's he can have his grub. We don' want to starve him."

Tom's legs were untied and he came out of the shack and started to eat his meal.

The next day he was ordered on his snowshoes and when the men were not looking he got away. He was soon recaptured and taken along to an old cave.

"Get in there," said Pete, "an' Bill will take care o' ye."

Tom obeyed instantly and as soon as he got in the cave he was chloroformed and taken in a passageway down a tunnel where he was bound so tightly he could not move.

Suddenly there was an unearthly yell followed by a volley of shots.

"My friend Brown Buffalo," said Tom.

He then shouted, "Brown Buffalo, can you come and release me?" There was a reply of a volley of shots from Pete but none of them hit Tom. Pete had fired wildly because he was hard pressed. King and Bill went down under the Indians and were bound up. There was a final shot and Pete killed one of the braves. Then the Indians pressed around him and he was borne to the ground and tied up like Bill and King. Then a brave came and untied Tom and said, "Come, Pale Face Tom, we have no time to lose, I show you the way."

Tom went and he found Bill, Pete, and King tied to trees.

"Well," said Tom, "are there any more men Pete?"

"Naw," said Pete, "we used to belong to Snake Anson's gang."

"I see," replied Tom, "I suppose you are wanted by the sheriff, are you not?" No answer.

"Well," said Tom, turning to the Indians, "you have done me a great service and you will be well paid. Will you bring these men to the Pale Face village?"

"Yah," said Brown Buffalo, "we bring 'em."

"Bring them along and I'll ask the Sheriff if he will give you and your tribe some blankets and hatchets. Come on!"

It was long ago that this happened and Trapper Hawkins is old and grey. He does not hunt any more but he lives in the little village of Great River where he was born.

—Morna Kenny,
Grade VII.

Morna Kenny

A FIRE

(2nd place)

Gerald, the young fire-chief of the little town of Home-Haven, had just left the jeweller, Mandaly, from whom he had purchased a real pearl necklace for his mother, who was to celebrate her wedding anniversary on the morrow.

Next to Mandaly's was a small old wooden house, very badly built, which had now been standing empty for at least three or four years. On the other side of the house, the fence was only about two feet away, and against it stood the small shack of the "Hiky Club" for the boys of Home-Haven. As this Friday night was the last warm one they could expect, they were celebrating the last meeting of the year with a marshmallow roast. So at eight o'clock just at dusk the boys gathered at the shack, some holding sticks, some tins, and others fire-wood.

The camp fire was soon ablaze in the open field at a safe distance from the shack and the boys crowded round, each holding a green stick, with at

least one marshmallow on the end of it, at some stage of the roasting process. Suddenly Arthur, the most particular boy in the crowd, burnt his marshmallow, and then with a few words which sounded more like a growl threw "the crazy stick which had brought him all the bad luck" to the top of the shack, still with a spark of fire in it. He was then compelled to eat marshmallows roasted by the other boys, even if they were burnt, for he knew that awful word "sissy" which was applied to any boy so particular as he, if he were ever noticed.

Now that the marshmallows were finished the boys took turns at telling ghost stories, then a sing-song followed, wound up by "Good Night Ladies." Later footsteps running hither and thither to be home at the promised hour were heard.

At half-past eleven or about that time (so the weather-man certified the next day) a furious wind came up, blowing the leaves off the trees and incidently carrying also a very small portion of the stick from the club shack to the roof of Mandaly's and also helping to light the remaining spark which had nearly gone out.

At quarter to twelve Gerald made his usual tour of inspection of the town for the fire department and, passing Mandaly's he said to himself, "Goodness how I hope nothing happens to that store to-night of all nights" —for he had left the pearl necklace at the store as he was going directly home to his mother's at the time.

After a sigh of relief, he looked up at his mirror in the car just as he was turning the corner, but something seemed to tell him that there was smoke rising from the jeweller's shop. But as he was at the corner, he must watch where he was going, to avoid a collision, therefore after he had backed and stalled at the nearest lane and again turned the dangerous sharp corner he found the whole roof ablaze to meet him; quickly he hastened to park his car opposite the store but was delayed by a passing truck.

His first thought was "I will phone the station although I know they are all in bed, which will cause a further delay." Then after running to the first fire signal post which was half a block away and putting in a rush call he ran back to Mandaly's to try, first of all, to get his necklace, thinking surely it will be in the safe and I know where the safe is. Mandaly always leaves it unlocked."

Breaking the window he ran across the floor to the safe and emptied its contents as quickly as he could, to try and recover the necklace but it was not there. Then remembering the rules he had always been taught in case of a fire with no help coming, he blew through his hands on to the flames. Then, glancing up, he noticed a square box which had not yet been reached by the flames. While taking it down the other men rushed in with the hose and released Gerald to go out and supervise. All during the rest of the battle with the fire Gerald kept thinking drearily, "I've lost my necklace, I've lost my necklace."

At the end of the fire, David, second in command, came over to Gerald and patting him on the back said "What's the worry, friend o' mine?" in a kindly manner, and then pointing to the box "What have you here?" It

was then, but not until then, the thought came to Gerald to open it. Prying open the cover of the rescued box, the first thing to meet his eyes were his pearls, then underneath were all Mandaly's papers of value. Gerald knew no more that night.

The next morning, lying on his bed-table, was a note addressed to him on a fire department envelope. Opening it Gerald read:

"Congratulations for saving the valuable box. Your mother has the pearls. For your reward you are to be allowed three months leave of absence. All expenses will be paid for a return trip to the Atlantic Coast, promising also that you may resume your occupation on home-coming."

Sincerely, David and department.

Gerald, after reading his note, fell back on his pillow and thought of all that the trip to the coast would mean to him and again fell asleep.

—Isobel Hutchison, *Hutchy*
Grade IX.

The following poem "Make Believe," by Margaret Aldous, took first place in the Senior School Poetry Contest. Second place: "Ballad on a Modern Racketeer," by Susan Thomas. Honorable Mention: "A Holiday," by Catherine Jeffries.

MAKE BELIEVE

Stars are twinkling up in the sky
Pinning the moon's silver crescent on high;
Breezes from the mountains blow
Into the valley that sleeps below.
Suppose the fairies come again
To haunt once more both fell and fen,
Let's make believe.

Sleeping are the mortals bold,
Little folks their revels hold,
Round about their fairy ring,
Where they delight to dance and sing;
Dewdrops are hanging in the grass
A glittering, sparkling, moon-kissed mass;
Won't you believe?

Slippery with seaweed are the jagged rocks,
All mortal men the great sea mocks,
With its great unconquered power.
Here, fairies play at some magic hour;
They hover above the whirling pools
And the sea-spray covers their wings with jewels.
Come, make believe.

The music of fairy laughter's sweet
 And spells are wrought by their dancing feet.
 Can't you hear the fairy bells?
 And believe once more in the wee folks' spells.
 Find the key to elfland's door
 And wander its magic realms once more.
 Learn make believe.

—Margaret Aldous,
 Grade IX.

"Aldous"

MODERN BALLAD ON AN AMERICAN RACKETEER

(2nd Place)

Mosey Cohen, a racketeer,
 Was famed throughout for his near beer.
 He used to live beside a still
 And was known to his friends as
 "Three Bottle Bill."

He loaded his boats at dead of night,
 The time of day when there is no light,
 And promenaded in his socks
 To make less noise, in case of cops.

The village detective, Herman Sloth,
 Could smell near beer a full mile off,
 And going to the boat yard's quay,
 He found his scent was not astray.

Quietly he stole up on the dock,
 And into a barrel he did hop,
 Then over his head he pulled the lid,
 So now he was completely hid.

This barrel was rolled 'mid jerks and jolts,
 And placed in one of the smuggler's boats.
 "O, gracious me!" thought Sloth, "I'm stranded,
 For what can I do single handed."

And in the barrel upon his knees,
 He found he simply had to sneeze,
 And doing so to his despair,
 He blew the lid off in the air.

Mosey Cohen, who was standing near,
 Said "Ho! what is that noise I hear?
 Bless my bottles! It's P.C. Sloth,
 I'll give him this to help his cough."

Then grasping a bottle in his hand,
Behind the barrel took his stand,
And with the bottle poised in air
He brought it down on poor Sloth's hair.

'Tec Sloth, he crumpled to the floor,
His senses left, he knew no more;
And Cohen grabbed him by the feet
And tied them, and his hands complete.

And when the boat put into shore,
Mose took him to the court-room door,
And placing him upon a seat,
Addressed the judge in accents sweet.

"I've brought to you this wayward cop,
I found trespassing on my yacht.
I hope that you will lock him in,
Ten days in jail will not harm him."

The judge he grinned from ear to ear,
"Pal Cohen, have you any beer?
That cop was discharged long ago—
He was far too honest for us you know."

And so a party they all then had,
And poor old Sloth, he sure was mad!
For looking out between the bars,
Had nought to do but count the stars.

Moral: Don't be a policeman in the U.S.A.
(One who knows) i.e.,

—Susan Thomas,
Grade X.

Susan Thomas

"PADDIE"—A COCKER SPANIEL

Paddie, a thoroughbred Cocker spaniel, was born in Vancouver in 1930, at the Kingston Dog Kennels. He was a noisy little fellow with long silky ears that appeared to sweep the ground on both sides of him. His fur was black and glossy with one little white toe. A handsome dog, to be sure, and quite well aware of it. A tiny, roly poly thing, silent only when he was sound asleep, which was seldom.

One day, to his great indignation, he was placed in a piano box for molesting the older, more sedate dogs nearly to death. Here he was discovered digging frantically for an imaginary rabbit. Yipping madly at being free, he was pulled out by a young girl. Struggling in her arms, shaking his furry body from side to side, he licked the girl's face clean. What a little beauty he was as he strutted around displaying himself at every opportunity! He really asked to be loved with all his tiny heart and

soul. This girl that had released him seemed to take special interest in the young tyke and offered to purchase him. He was not an expensive dog for his breed.

Paddie had made a friend and he was bought that day. He did not realize quite just what was happening but he knew that he did like these kind people to pamper him. Trying so hard to please them he would stretch out his soft red tongue and lick their hands. Soon these people went away, leaving a very sorrowful and dejected pup behind them.

Poor Paddie was to be sent out to the farm till August. Then he was to be sent to where his newly-found mistress lived.

At the end of August a large box arrived at the home of the young girl. It contained a shivering black puppy, very much frightened by the jostling he had received.

Was it Paddy? It looked like him, but was it?

No! Poor little Paddie had died and in his place came little, shivering Pat, his twin. Attached to his collar was a note:

Dear Miss June:

Your tiny little friend died just before he was to be sent to you. So in his place we send you wee Pat, a friendly pup, that will try his best to fill Paddy's place. Please take him. I know he will be a good dog.

Yours sincerely, (Mrs.) Lounton.

—June Gerow,
Grade VIII.

A STREET SCENE

I am going to take you down to New York to a street in a slum district. This street is long, narrow, and very dirty. Tenement houses are on all sides, with the occasional Italian grocery store between, and very often a saloon underneath wretched houses.

In one part of the street we see some small girls, in short, tattered dresses, playing marbles. A fight among some sixteen year old boys is at its very height as we pass down the street. An Italian organ-grinder with his monkey is wailing out many discordant strains of "The Peanut Vender," and we give him a quarter and pass on. On the steps of one tenement house sits a girl of perhaps fifteen, holding two sticky, dirty children on her lap. She is talking with a very old lady, sitting on a chair on the upper porch which is strewn with the day's washing. Next we pass a saloon which is crowded with drunkards.

The whole atmosphere of the street is filthy; children with melting candy sliding down the upper banisters, garbage strewn hither and thither, ghastly odors from one-room homes, and tobacco smelling everywhere. Yet on this hot day, everybody seems happy, minding their own business, making the best of nothing.

How glad we are when we leave this street and breathe pure air again!

—Shirley Johnston,
Grade VIII.

Shirley Johnston.

June Gerow

A HOLIDAY

(Honourable Mention)

We loved the coast and the little town
 And the small thatched house all cuddled down,
 White washed roof, and white washed wall,
 Sea mist or sunlight over it all.

We scrambled high on a sheep worn track,
 The guinea hens cried, "Come back, come back!"
 The wind was blowing us out to the sea
 And the sea gulls kept us company.

—Catherine Jefferies;
 Grade VIII.

THE WOOD AT THE END OF THE WORLD

I sometimes wonder what the wood at the end of the world is really like. Perhaps it's a tiny, quiet, beautiful wood, in a secluded glen that only you know the haunts of, only you know its secrets. Perhaps it's a great forest, with majestic trees towering upward to meet the sky. But I do not think it is anything so realistic. Rather, it is a dream, a dream of some unknown wood, that lies—who knows where? A poem, as yet unseen by the eyes of a mortal poet. The lost fairyland.

Perhaps it is a place where the ground is soft and green with moss. A silvery brook wends its way between fern-clothed banks, singing and laughing. Hidden somewhere, in a little glen, is a dark quiet pool, whose calm surface is like a mirror: a mirror that reflects the face of some elfin creature. The echoes ring back from behind the clouds, echoing strange music. Little paths wind here and there among the trees, and one may follow elfin footprints along them. There are small graceful silver birches, almost lost among the huge trees, the lords of the forest, that reach their great leafy branches ever upward. Sometimes the breeze hums softly in the tree tops, but at other times a great wind comes sweeping through, mysterious and immortal. Birds of all colors sing softly in the trees; here live the gorgeous birds of paradise.

This wood is the lost fairyland where the fairies dance at night beneath the moon and stars. Although the world changes day by day, yet throughout many years the wood at the end of the world, the wood in the clouds, nowhere, yet here, someplace, somewhere, is always the same.

—Gladys Cotterell,
 Grade VIII.

A CHRISTMAS BOX

About November, everybody started making Christmas gifts, so we decided we wanted to try and give a happier Christmas to someone, who probably would not have all the things we would have. One of the girls knew of a family, in a nearby municipal district, who would be greatly benefited by a Christmas hamper. We planned to have a meeting every

Gladys Cotterell.

Saturday afternoon, and to bring everything possible that would be helpful to a needy family. We secured dresses for the children and mothers and fixed them up as best we could. Some knitted things for the baby, others mended or sewed. Then we thought that it would be a novel idea and also a useful gift, to make an afghan for them. So we gathered up all the scraps of wool we had, and brought them to school. In every spare minute we made squares. Soon we got the reputation of being grannies. The afghan consisted of a very colorful array of squares; reds, greens, blues, etc., made from scraps of wool, except for the black around the edges. When we had completed all the clothes, and the afghan, we procured groceries that we thought would be acceptable and a few little Christmas luxuries, such as candies and nuts. For the children there were dolls, Christmas stockings, and for the mother, a sewing basket.

About the third Saturday before Christmas, we wrapped everything up separately in Christmas wrapping, with tags, and next Friday packed them all in a large box.

A few weeks later we received a letter from the father and family, who said that it had arrived safely and was gratefully received.

Betty Mackay Betty Mackay and Marian McCurdy,
Grade IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, the capital and largest city of the Turkish Empire, derives its name from Constantine the Great, who in 330 A.D. chose Byzantium, the city that stood on this spot, as his capital.

This fascinating city is situated at the Southern European end of the narrow Bosphorous, which joins the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora.

Many countries have fought for this mysterious, minareted city but in vain, it is still in the hands of the country that held it long ago.

Constantinople to-day consists of many large suburbs of which Galata, Stamboul, and Pera are the most outstanding.

It is very easy for a foreigner to spend his money in Constantinople, as the small shops are crushed full of alluring oriental objects.

This city is beginning to become modernized but only in a few things, for it still holds that eastern feeling concerning the clothing, especially for the Turkish headgear, the red fez.

Even while most of the world is becoming very modernized, Constantinople remains a city of mosques, the most beautiful of which is that of Saint Sophia, erected by Emperor Justinian in the sixth century.

This city has several fine aqueducts and many things of wonder. Some are the picturesque handmade wares, embroideries, carpets and rugs.

Constantinople is also noted for its harbor, the Golden Horn, for over twenty thousand ships enter this harbor every year and it can easily accommodate one thousand large sea vessels at the same time.

Including the suburbs, Constantinople, the wonder city, has a population of one million two hundred and fifty thousand.

—Mary McLean,
Grade IX.

Mary

Shirley Johnston

A poor hard worked magazine representative trying to get a contribution from a modest classmate.

Magazine Rep.:

Please try something to take to the meeting,
And you'll give the others a regular beating.

Modest Classmate:

I love you, dear, with all my heart,
But in this I cannot take a part.

Magazine Rep.:

I know you can't but will you try?
You will show them by and by.

Modest Classmate:

You know my brains aren't good enough
To try to do such clever stuff.

Magazine Rep.:

Keep on trying "mon petit,"
And it will come, all "tout de suite."

Modest Classmate:

Although I truly love you,
Please keep this thought in mind:
A clever thought or saying
Is more than I can find.

Magazine Rep.:

I know your brains are rusty,
I know they are not good,
But don't let them get dusty,
Write a poem, as you should!

(They got the poem).

—Shirley Johnston,
Grade VIII.

SPRING

Spring—that one word brings pictures to the mind. After the long winter everyone looks forward to this season. Dreary cold days have gone and instead there are April showers and bright sunshine. The snow has melted away and a feeling of Spring is in the air. Even the trees seem to be glad that winter is over and the leaves are all peeping out of their buds, eager to come out and see what the busy world is doing. They seem to know people want to see a leaf after the winter and are eagerly hurrying to satisfy that desire.

Skipping ropes have come out again and are being used on any available spot that is to be found. Marbles are played and one can see by walking along the street that spring has really come.

People begin to clean their houses and often one can see rugs, curtains and cushions on clothes lines or hung over back fences.

Birds sing cheerful little songs, squirrels scamper around, and dogs are more playful. Surely anyone can see and tell that another season is at hand and that season is Spring.

"Wally"
—Catherine Walton, Grade IX.

LOCHINVAR

Oh! young Lochinvar is come from Marlhurst,
Through all Manitoba his Ford is the worst;
Its body is bent and it has no brakes,
Its top is all torn and is held up with stakes;
So rusted with age and so shaken with jars
There never was Ford like young Lochinvar's.

It stays not for marsh nor for telephone poles,
And it seems to pick out the biggest of holes;
And ere it pulls up at "Varsity's" gate
The lectures have started, the gallant comes late.

—Vivian Keeler,
Grade VII.

Vivian Keeler

A WINDOW SCENE

It was an evening in spring. A little girl was standing in her night-gown at an open window, looking out eagerly, waiting. The sky above her was fresh and clear. Suddenly one of the smallest of stars twinkled, a faint tinkle as of bells answered, and a tiny shadow raced across the sky. She watched entranced while the figure flew closer, dipping, pirouetting, showing off, until a cocky crow assured her he was quite near.

"Peter!" There was a little catch of heart-rending happiness in her throat.

"Hello Wendy!" His unconcerned tone, try as he might, could not conceal that he was very glad to find her waiting for him.

"You don't feel as if you'd like to say something to my parents do you Peter, about a very sweet subject?" she asked anxiously.

Peter looked at her curiously. What could he want to speak to her parents for; he hated the very word "parent." "No, Wendy."

"About me, Peter?" the little voice pleaded.

"No."

He jumped quickly from the window-sill as Wendy's mother appeared, calling "Peter, Peter, where are you? Let me adopt you too."

"Would you send me to school?" Peter asked from a distance.

"Yes."

"And then to an office?" he called excitedly.

"Yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Darling replied in a motherly tone.

"Soon I should be a man?" Peter was filled with blazing wrath at the thought.

"O, very soon." Mrs. Darling would have given anything if the flighty creature before her would only stand still.

Suddenly he darted away furiously. "I don't want to go to school and learn solemn things. No one's ever going to catch me, lady, and make me a man. I want always to be a little boy and have fun!"

"Oh!" Wendy's little face was blinded with tears. "He does so need a mother. Can't I go to him?"

"No, darling," tenderly. "But Peter," Mrs. Darling called, "she may go to you once a year to do your spring-cleaning."

Wendy was in ecstasies at the thought, but Peter, who had no idea of what spring-cleaning was, waved an unconcerned thanks.

Mrs. Darling took Wendy's hand. "And now darling, say good-night," she said softly.

Wendy was heart-broken at leaving him. "Good-night, Peter," she called, striving not to let him see how hard it was to keep her tears away.

Peter felt nothing of this. He could not understand why Wendy should be unhappy. He was not. He was always going to be a little boy and have fun. He took out his pipes happily and called a carefree "Good-night."

In that word little Wendy knew that Peter would not remember her for long. He would not even remember the "Lost Boys" who were going to stay and be her brothers. He would soon find something else to interest him and forget to come back for her. And with her arms outstretched she cried to the faint music of his pipes, "O Peter, you won't forget me when spring-cleaning time comes?"

There was no answer. She heard only the last light note of Pan's Pipes as Peter flew back alone through the night to the Neverland.

—Carla Lehmann,
Grade XI.

AUTUMN

Autumn is here at last,
The gay leaves are falling fast,
The apples are turning rosy red,
And each wee flower has gone to bed;
Wrapped in a blanket of snowy white,
Autumn is bidding the world good-night.

—Morna Kenny,
Grade VII.

Morna Kenny

Oh! the wild joys of learning! the leaping from book unto book—
 The scratch of a noisy pen writing in some hidden nook,
 Of history, chemistry, Latin—the hunt for the lair
 Of a hidden equation, where only the brave may dare
 Through mazes of figures and letters—the odor divine
 From the chemistry lab., where strange metals combine
 To form fumes and solutions, salt, acid or base—
 The pursuit of elusive French verbs and the case
 Of a Latin extraction—and old English verse,
 For instance—Gray's thoughts on a hearse—
 How great is man's mind—for mere learning, how fit to employ
 All the brain and the senses together—for knowledge is joy.

(With apologies to Robert Browning)

—Betty Ray Parton,
 Grade XI.

B. R. Parton

A RIVER

I am a river, but I didn't start that way. I started my first journey in the skies and fell as glistening raindrops, into a little hollow. Others fell in the same hollow, and we soon filled it up, and started to overflow, down the hill. As we became bigger, and covered more ground, many, many other raindrops joined us, until we became about six feet across. We followed a ravine that led down the gentle slope; it was a gentle slope, and very beautiful too, covered with different hues of flowers. At the bottom of the slope, we entered a small forest, and rushed along, covering the roots of trees, and sending up into them, refreshing moisture. We were quite long by that time, and as more raindrops fell on the hollow, we were pushed on, until we came to a green, green meadow, with groups of trees here and there. We flowed through the ravine, in the meadow, and as I passed, I heard some cows murmuring, "Water," and felt them enter my stream, to drink, and be refreshed, for the sun was hot that day.

In another place, the ravine widened out, suddenly, and made a round hollow pool, where I knew, the boys would swim and play, later on.

We passed through clumps of willows and other trees, where the birds would fly and nest, as time went on. And ever onward we flowed, bringing moisture to all of nature, and leaving behind us, happy and joyful animals and plants.

—Katherine Hall,
 Grade IX.

Kate

I've tried my best to write a poem,
 But somehow my poor brain won't roam
 On subject sweet,
 As what you meet
 While strolling in the leafy wood.
 I'd love to tell you if I could

Of flowers so gay,
 And elves at play.
 I simply don't know anything
 Of rousing songs that pirates sing,
 Of Spanish gold,
 Or stories told
 Of maiden's appeals for aid,
 And villains at the masquerade.
 I'm quite sure if I wrote about
 Our happy schooldays you would shout
 With laughter, and you'd tell me that
 This would be enough of that.
 But someday I shall write a book
 And when on the inside you look
 "I know that person," you will say,
 "When but a high-school girl so gay.
 She tried her best to write a poem
 But couldn't get her brain to roam
 On subjects sweet,
 As what you meet
 While strolling through the leafy woods."

—Janet Turnbull,

Grade X.

COUNCIL FIRE

One fire that will live forever in my memory is the Council Fire at Glen Bernard. Now, Glen Bernard Camp is away in the far north country, in the land of lakes and forests, that really belongs to the red-skinned Indians. For scores of years the Indians have held their council fires in places just like this—Glen Bernard. So now, the campers too, follow the same custom.

On the last night of each week, the beat of a tom tom calls the braves to council ring. They assemble, each wearing his blanket and his tribal colors, and carrying his hatchet. Slowly, they file down the long path to the glen. On three sides it is surrounded by almost perpendicular walls of rock, and on the fourth—the moon-lit lake may be seen through the pines. All is dark; there is no light save the pale white glow of the moon. In the glen the high council is seated, with a natural rock altar in front of them. Then the old braves file in and take their accustomed places in a circle, in tribal order.

When all are assembled, the great High Chief, Ogamoquay, enters alone and stands at the altar before the unlit fire. He salutes the council and the braves, bringing his greetings to them. Then he calls for the new braves. The tribal chiefs call them by name and they enter and take their places.

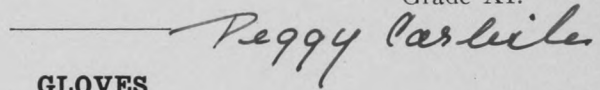
Then amid the solemn stillness of the great northland, the Big Chief lights the council fire. As the flames leap up, all faces turn towards the

stars in silent prayer. Ogomoquay kneels before the fire and with arms outstretched and face uplifted thanks his God for this great gift.

When his prayer is ended the tribes are called by name. Each brave passes before and salutes the Big Chief; then each bends and places a faggot on the fire, a token of his allegiance. Four braves attend the fire while council ring is held, and the great flames stretch into the black night sky. The quiet faces of the circle are now illuminated and then again cast back in shadow.

As the braves file out before their chief, the fire dies. But the memory of its glory lives forever.

—Peggy Carlisle,
Grade XI.



GLOVES

Of course he didn't need any Indian gloves but Mr. Percy Meredith was a man of iron will, and having once been intrigued by the gay colors and the look of the strong man which this particular pair of Indian gloves seemed to radiate, he knew at once that he must buy them, that of course, they were made just for him, and besides,—ah—rather nice to show off to the boys.

As he walked home with his parcel firmly tucked under his arm he said over and over to himself: "Jolly glad I saw these—they'll just do for my study—what fun when the boys see them—I can jolly them along—And ever again, though he strove mightily to think of more pleasant topics, the question came popping up in his mind in the most uncomfortable fashion, "Uh—wonder what Jennie will have to say?"

Jennie was the wife of Mr. Percy Meredith, the man of the iron will. She, too, had an iron will, and many times Percy sensed uncomfortably that her iron might be a little stronger than his. But, no! How absurd! How could anyone have a will stronger than Mr. Percy Meredith, who had twenty men under him at the office, ready to obey his every command. At such times he never ventured to think of his stern old superior who very often took him to task about things that Percy thought very trivial.

As he mounted the steps of his little home and opened the door, Percy's mind was fully occupied with the unpleasant question. He groped around for his iron will, found it, and beaming on the world in general, he called to Jennie:

"I say, dear, are you up there?"

In answer Jennie came running down the stairs and while he kissed her he managed to place his parcel on a rather obscure table in a rather dark corner.

Jennie was in a good mood, and Percy was glad. Maybe she would like his gloves. He found out after dinner.

He had been reading his paper very contentedly when he suddenly became aware of what he termed sub-consciously "a puzzled silence."

The next moment Jennie came into the room.

"Perce, darling, what are these? I do believe someone has left them by mistake. Aren't they awful?" and she started to laugh.

Percy was very disappointed in Jennie. "She simply has no sense of the unique," he said to himself sadly and then with careful detail he explained to her, what they were, whose they were, what they were for, and where they had been bought. And when he had finished, instead of the awed silence he had expected, he was received with:

"Well, I declare! Now look here, Mr. Percy Meredith, you are not going to show these awful gloves to your poor unsuspecting friends! I shudder to think what would happen to them. And they would completely ruin the color scheme in the study—and another thing, you never told me what the price was!"

"Jennie, my dear, please don't show your ignorance. These gloves are extraordinary! Look at the intricate detail on the cuffs! They're unique! unique! I tell you, and you don't see things like these every day."

"No, thank goodness," said Jennie. "Now look here, Percy, don't go wasting your money on such useless things. If you must spend money, you could get me a hat, or if it must be gloves, a new pair of evening gloves would help me tremendously—and besides *you* don't need them!"

"Well, I want my Indian gloves and I'm going to have them!"

Jennie saw that Percy was beginning to get stubborn and sulky. He always did when he was balked of any desire. So, as she was feeling in a good mood and didn't want Percy to be in a bad temper, she decided to make a concession. She dropped down beside him on the floor.

"Percy, if I let you keep your gloves, will you buy me a hat?"

"Of course I will," said Percy. "You know I always give you what you want."

She smiled knowingly, then said: "All right, I'll buy my hat to-morrow and you can keep your gloves."

Of course Percy doesn't often boast of his iron will, but he does think this is one example of it.

And he always shows me the gloves, proudly telling me they are old relics of an ancient race.

He doesn't know that Jennie told me the story.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

"Should I do my homework?" said the student to herself,
"Or let temptation win and leave my books upon the shelf?
To-morrow starts exam-week, I know no history
Nor any simple formula that's found in chemistry.
That literature—it gets my goat!
Look at those plays that Shakespeare wrote!
And the works of poets too,
I'm sure we could without them do.
What is the good of learning at all?
I'll probably forget it all.

—Grade X.

TRAVELLING WESTWARD

"We travel the dusty road till the light of day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim."

Travelling—what a vision that one word may call before us,—over hill and dale, through woods and mountains the enchanting scenes unfold.

From the gateway of the West to the western seaport of Canada we may see various beautiful panoramas. As the first morning's sunshine dawned we were gaily travelling through the hilly districts of Manitoba, beautifully green and carefully guarded with their many stately trees. The water bubbling along in the brooks provided variety to the scene.

Travelling through Southern Saskatchewan we came to the hot, dry, rolling plains. Though some of the plains were dry others were covered with golden wheat. As we left the wheat fields we came into the ranching districts of Southern Alberta.

Soon we saw the foothills of the rockies rising out of the morning mist. When we reached them they seemed to close in on us. Such towering grandeur forming many distinctive shapes is not seen in any other part of the world. We saw many cold glacier lakes, making small green patches on the sides of the tall snow-capped mountains. Many cold streams trickling down the mountain sides formed emerald lakes and reflected, in their glassy surface, the beautiful stately pine trees which cover the mountains.

When leaving the highest peaks of the rockies we came into a deep green valley where rivers flowed slowly among the orchards. Trees laden with luscious fruit were plentiful. In Vancouver we felt the change to the sea climate and when crossing to Victoria where we intend to spend the winter, we saw the burning ball of fire sink into the sea leaving its crimson rays reflecting on the ocean.

—By Nancy Morgan and Catherine Walton,
Grade IX.

THE LOCKER ROOMS

Any Riverbender knows that at five o'clock the chief meeting place is the locker room. The cause may be the release from school or any other similar reason. However, the line which holds you back during the day, then breaks and it is "one for all and all for oneself." When you come down from study the chances are ten-to-one there is a shoe or glove missing and to find it amid the throng of laughing and yelling girls is utterly impossible. If such is the case, I should advise you to plant yourself firmly in front of your locker and *stay* there if you can. At last, about half an hour later, the crowd has dispersed and you may begin your search in peace. After crawling over the floor and covering every bit of ground thoroughly, or craning your neck to see if your lost belongings are on top of the lockers, you will more than likely find them tucked away in one corner of your own locker. You don your hat and coat and peer around

to see if you can make a successful get-away without having them pulled off you. Finally, you emerge from school looking heated and dishevelled but really having enjoyed yourself. Another Riverbend day has ended with the usual locker-room scramble.

—Pat Collard,

Grade X.

DEUTSCHE OSTERBRAUCHE

In der Eifel hat sich eine ganz eigenartige Sitte erhalten. Am Ostersonntag stellt man dort in der Mitte, der Marktfleckens einen Korb mit roten Eiern auf. Man legt diese Eier in einer langen Reihe auf der Strasse. In der Zwischenzeit muss ein anderer, der Laufer, in die nächste Stadt zum Bürgermeister mit einer Botschaft laufen und mit einem Wort vom. Bürgermeister zurückeilen. Wer zuerst seine Aufgabe löst ist Sieger. Er erhält den grossen Korb mit den roten Eiern.

—Shiela Paget.

LA BERGERE

La bergère habite une petite maison sur la montagne. Tous les jours elle vient garder les moutons de son papa. Son grand chien policier garde les moutons, aussi. Elle mène les moutons, tous les matins, de sa maison au grand chêne au bord de la route où elle regarde les gens qui passent. Elle apporte un livre avec elle, et l'étudie quand elle est fatiguée. Elle aime regarder les moutons et rester sous l'arbre tout le jour. A cinq heures et quart elle retourne à sa mère et à son père et passe le soir avec eux. Elle s'appelle Charmaine et elle est très, très belle.

—Shirley Johnston,

—Grade VIII.

JE REGARDAIS PAR MA FENETRE

Je regardais par la fenêtre; je voyais la grande route blanche, les voitures, les passants et les champs. Il est samedi et je viens de retourner du marché. Quelques passants sont des paysannes qui viennent de retourner du marché et d'autres sont des automobilistes qui sont allés se promener en automobile ce beau jour. Des gens se promenaient en voiture avec de beaux chevaux. Je voyais une voiture tirée par un âne. La grande route blanche est pleine de poussière parce qu'il y a beaucoup d'automobiles et de voitures. Dans les champs les enfants qui sont mes amies jouaient et la bergère gardaient ses moutons. Bientôt j'ai fermé la fenêtre à cause de la poussière et suis entré dans le champ jouer avec mes amies.

—Nancy Morgan,

Grade IX.

UN ANE

Il y avait une fois un brave petit âne. Il s'appelait Joseph. Son papa et sa maman l'aimait très bien. Il était si intelligent. Un jour il a dit, "Maman! Papa! Regardez-moi! N'est ce pas que je suis un brave âne!"

Son papa et sa maman ont dit "Mais oui. Tu es notre cher fils!"

Alors il dit: "Je vais chercher fortune! Au revoir, mes bons parents." Et il est sorti de la maison et il a couru sur la route.

Ses parents ont été bouleversé. Mais ils se sont dit: "Le petit Joseph retournera bientôt avec sa fortune. Il est très intelligent." Et ils ont continué à manger.

Joseph a chanté à lui-meme en route, mais parce qu'il était un âne, il n'avait pas une très belle voix. Alors, en approchant d'une ville, il a levé la tête et a marché avec délicatesse. On l'a regardé. Et Joseph était heureux et a poursuivi son chemin fièrement.

Hélas! Pauvre Joseph! Il a pris son pied dans le trotteur; il est tombé gauchement. On s'est moqué de lui. Il a eu honte, et il est entré dans la ville avec la tête baissée.

Mais la ville était très gaie et très jolie (parce que c'était le printemps) et Joseph n'était pas triste pendant longtemps. Il a chanté encore, et on l'a regardé avec admiration. Il a vu quelquechose dans la vitrine d'un magasin qu'il a trouvé très joli. Mais quand il est entré dans le magasin, et s'est dirigé vers la vitrine pour le regarder mieux, on l'a traité très mal.

La nuit commençait à tomber. Joseph a trouvé son chemin hors de la ville, et a découvert qu'il était perdu.

"Ah," s'est-il dit "Je fermerai mes yeux et marcherai toute la nuit."

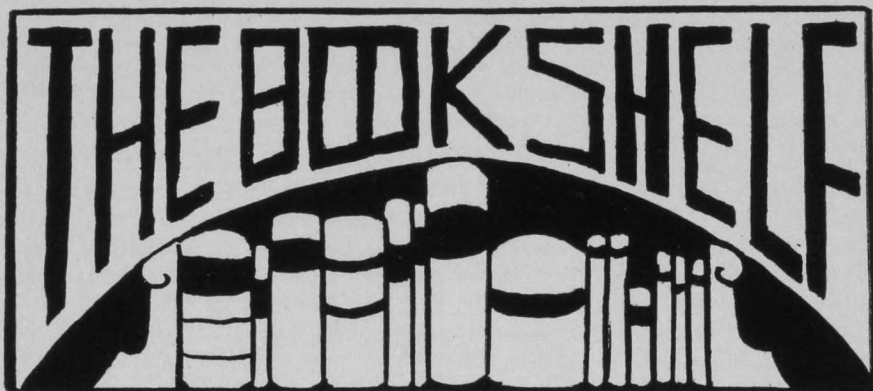
Et il l'a fait. Naturellement il s'est heuré la tête plusieurs fois, mais le pauvre Joseph était trop fatigué pour le remarquer.

Enfin il est entré à la porte d'une maison, et s'est affaissé sur le plancher profondément endormi.

Le matin, il s'est levé, il a regardé autour de lui, et—"Mon Dieu! Je suis chez nous!" a dit Joseph, et a commencé à manger.

—Betty Ray Parton.

B. R. Parton

**THE THUNDER OF NEW WINGS***By Mazo de la Roche***I.H. Hutchison**

The authoress, Mazo de la Roche, is a Toronto lady and became prominent as a writer after winning a ten thousand dollar prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly four or five years ago. Since then she has written *Jalna* and a sequel the *White Oaks of Jalna*, and the *Thunder of New Wings*.

The *Thunder of New Wings*, which has been written more recently, is a very peculiar book, but in spite of its peculiarity is extremely interesting. Mazo de la Roche has a style all her own and in this novel it is clearly displayed. Her character studies are particularly good and though this book is not up to the standard of her others it is well worth reading.

The story opens with the death of Sir Richard Lashbrook, an English peer, who leaves behind a strange group of people. They were his two daughters, Vicky and Theo—attractive girls in their twenties, his wife Clara and her son Aryton, and Joan his niece, who had come from Canada to live with her uncle.

There was a strong feeling of enmity between Clara and her step-daughters. It was so intense a dislike that the three girls went to Canada to live on a farm in Nova Scotia which Sir Richard had owned. There they encountered the sinister Captain Haight and his graceless adopted son Tobias.

When Captain Haight's insolence and cruelty forced the girls to make him leave the farm, he gives evidence that proves Tobias or Toby to be Sir Lashbrook's son by his marriage to a French-Canadian girl. Toby was then the heir to the estate which was at present in the step-mother's hands. Seeing in Toby an instrument of revenge, Vicky accepts Pat Baldry, mayor of the nearest town, Bellamy, in marriage and with him, Theo and Joan take Toby to England to oust Clara and her son.

Back in England, the Lashbrook hatred is again aroused but Toby takes a liking for Clara and Aryton. Vicky demands that Clara and her

son leave, but Toby, now the all powerful, insists that they stay and they do. Pat was seemingly out of Vicky's thoughts as she was too busy attending to Toby, advising him and guiding, although he never followed her advice. Pat discovers that his real love is for Joan and knows that Vicky and he can never get along, and so leaves.

Toby, against Vicky's wishes, invited Captain Haight and Mr. Teg, a very religious gentleman who had lived with them in Canada, to come to visit him. Soon after their arrival Toby, Vicky, Theo, Captain Haight and Mr. Teg go out in a yacht and during their absence a terrific storm arose in which only Captain Haight survived. Clara and Aryton were again in possession of the Lashbrook estate and Joan went with friends to Italy for a year. But, longing for Canada, she crossed the sea and resided at the old home in Quebec. Here Baldry joined her and together they were swept onward to their new life.

—M. I. Cowan,

Grade X.

Mary I. Cowan.

ANNE BOLEYN

By Barrington

This is about the life of Anne Boleyn, second wife to Henry VIII. It tells the story of her rise to become queen, and of her fall from Henry's favor.

Anne is described as being a very cold and scheming girl, who possessed such beauty and charm, that Henry was brought to notice her. By her arts and wiles she managed to get Henry so enamored that he wanted to make her his wife. To do this Henry, urged by Anne, broke with the Pope, executed Cardinal Wolsey, and established his own bishops, who granted him the divorce.

Because Anne brought upon him so many complications, and because his marriage with her did not bring him a son, Henry tired of her and she was executed so that he could marry Jane Seymour, with whom, in the meantime, he had fallen in love.

We are given a vivid description of court life at this time, in both France and England. Many famous men, such as Surrey and Thomas Wyatt, who was Anne's lover, are introduced into the story.

Other books by Elizabeth Barrington in which is given the inside story of historical characters are: *The Dual Queens*, which is about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth, and *The Laughing Queen*, which tells of Cleopatra. All these books are both valuable historically and are guaranteed to be highly entertaining.

—Susan Thomas,

Grade X.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG*A. A. Milne*

This collection of odd little poems portrays the adventurous life of an average little boy of about six. The quaint little verses are the treasured possession of many a child, and some of them have been set to music. They were originally written for a little English boy who goes by the name of Christopher Robin. Christopher Robin is six years old and all the little excursions and events depicted by the poems are seen through his wide and wondering eyes. The book is enjoyed by children of all ages between six and sixty.

* * *

WINNIE-THE-POOH

Winnie-the-Pooh is a jolly fat Teddy Bear belonging to Christopher Robin, who has his home in a hollow tree in the wood, and spends his time looking for honey, and woozles, and heffalumps. Others of Christopher Robin's collection of toys also live in the woods and have adventures with Pooh Bear. Among these are Piglet, Kanga, Eeyore, and other curious and friendly creatures. The book, written in Milne's amusing style, is quaint and naïve, and Winnie-the-Pooh and his happy-go-lucky nature are well-loved by all.

—Betty Ray Parton,
Grade XI.

AN INVITATION TO THE WALTZ*By Rosamond Lehmann*

We receive, with Miss Lehmann's heroine Ophelia, an "Invitation to the Waltz." It is our first big dance and we experience all the thrills and plans that go before it.

The first part of the book describes the setting, Ophelia's home, in the little "picturesque but unhygienic valley." We meet her eccentric, irresistible father, her well-meaning mother and her embarrassing, grubby old Uncle Oswald. Her small brother James is delightful and her sister Kate, the efficient and well-groomed, we learn to know almost as well as Ophelia herself. We visit the village dressmaker to get a new, rich flame-colored evening dress for the forth-coming ball, and wonder frantically what our partner, the son of one of mother's old school friends, will be like. It is impossible to form any conclusion from his answer to the invitation.

The day arrives and is spent in preparation, exciting little details of dress, the best dinner set, the new dresses. Everything goes well in spite of the uninspiring Reggie, and we leave in the village taxi in trembling expectancy.

We shall not attempt to describe the dance. Miss Lehmann has done it too well. The interesting differences between Olivia and Kate are intensified by their different experiences throughout the evening and how they are affected by them.

B R Parton

We feel ourselves at one with the characters. The naïve thoughts and impressions of the sisters are our own so that when regretfully we close the covers of the novel we open those of our lives following our acceptance of "An Invitation to the Waltz."

—Carla Lehmann,
Grade XI.

VAGABONDS OF THE AIR

By Richard Haliburton

That title may well be applied to Richard Haliburton and his pilot, Moye Stephens, who fly around the world in "the Flying Carpet." Here is an opportunity to travel, at least in imagination, with an entertaining and vigorous, not to say boisterous, young man of around thirty and his equally youthful air mechanic and pilot. The flying carpet is an aeroplane in which the author and his pilot companion follow a royal road to romance in the air.

Starting from California, they fly to New York and ship to France, and then make Timbuctoo their first objective, chiefly because the name sounds far away and mysterious. Flying across the Sahara they arrive at an ancient and decaying city. Here they meet Père Yakauha, a queer old gentleman born in France seventy years ago and who came to Timbuctoo as a Catholic missionary.

Haliburton stays there for some time, and delights in wandering alone at night, and paints a glamorous picture.

They return north and spend two months with the French Foreign Legion in Morocco, learning the truth about this heroic and disreputable army. From Morocco, with many diverting incidents told gaily and dramatically, they fly through Portugal, Spain and France, and start out again for Paris.

They cross the Alps and fly over the Matterhorn, but they didn't recognize it. Onward to Venice. Eastward to Constantinople.

Next to Palestine. Perhaps the most remarkable incident of the book is the dramatic story of the hidden water tunnel under the hill, the ancient site of Jerusalem, and of their exposing this evidence of the work of King Hezekiah 2700 years ago.

On again to Bagdad, and here he takes the Prince of Bagdad, son of King Feisal, for a flight about the city. Still eastward to Teheran, where he spends a few days in jail because that was the most comfortable place to stay.

On again to India and the Taj Mahal, and swims again, to disprove his critics, in the lily pond. To Calcutta, where they get permission to fly through Nepal in an attempt to fly round Mount Everest. But their plane could not rise high enough; so they were forced to return. Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, where pontoons were fitted, and on to Sarawak and the land of the head hunters. Getting into the good graces of one of the

chiefs, he was presented with a dozen smoked human heads. Moyer Stephens strongly objected to making the Flying Carpet a flying hearse, and some, but not all, were thrown overboard.

At Manila they embarked and sailed to San Francisco. Another great adventure safely accomplished and a thrilling, entertaining story. Don't miss it.

—Eleanor Flett,

Grade IX.

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

By Willa Cather

"Shadows on the Rock" is a story of Quebec when it was but a small village of two thousand inhabitants living on the slope of the fortress and down by the river. The authoress, Miss Willa Cather, portrays the lives of the people on the rock, far from home. They are for the most part immigrants who have come from well-ordered into the unsettled lands with minds ruled by the teachings of the Catholic Church. God was ever present even in the strange land, therefore there was little longing for the homes left beyond the sea. The book is full of beautiful descriptions of the rock in the changing seasons of the year.

There is no emphasis made on any one character but the story is centered around Auclair, the apothecary and medical advisor of the old Count de Frontenac, and Auclair's daughter Cécile. Auclair's little shop is the meeting place of men and women of all classes, coming for herbs to cure their ills. There is some political history, but only enough to give the setting and period of the story. Some familiar historical characters are mentioned, Frontenac, Laval and Saint-Vallier. The life of the fur-trader and coureur-du-bois is portrayed by Pierre Charron, who lived in the woods with the Indians, subsisting on dried eels and dog meat boiled with blueberries.

All these various pictures are blended together to give a delightful scene of Quebec in the early days.

—Frances Aikins, *Frances Aikins*
Grade XI.

LYTTON STRACHEY

The best known works of Lytton Strachey are "Eminent Victorians," "Queen Victoria," and "Elizabeth and Essex." These three biographies were written in the post-war period. "Eminent Victorians" was published in 1918, "Queen Victoria" in 1921 and "Elizabeth and Essex" in 1928.

French influence is clearly seen in Strachey's work as in the works of two other biographers of his type, Maurois and Ludwig. The characteristics of Strachey's style is applicable also to them.

Strachey's biographies are expressed in the form of the novel or drama rather than the history. Unlike the novel, however, every fact expressed by Strachey is true, and he has gone to infinite trouble to check

back to the source every fact of doubtful origin. The biography of this type is like the novel in that the characters are vivid and alive to us and not just dead figures of long ago. "The New Biography never invents but does try to recreate."

The second characteristic of Strachey's works is their underlying design. In this respect they resemble the drama more than the novel. Strachey himself claims to have no "conscious design" other than to make his biographies of more use and interest to those who read them, as a contrast to the Victorian biographies "with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tedious tone, and lamentable lack of selection, detachment or design." In practice, however, Strachey's work shows every evidence of design and a sense of the dramatic. It is the latter which makes him take such care over beginnings and conclusions of each work.

Another quality of Strachey's work is his detachment. He looks on as from above and his standpoint is one of impartiality. He could not make his characters so realistic if this were not so. Strachey's attitude is characterized by an inquisitiveness and interest. He makes sure that as well as being instructive and amusing, his essays contain a curious and interesting story.

Take, for instance, the unromantic question of disease. We never think of great men or women as having headaches when they wake up in the morning; but as a matter of fact it is little things like this which so influence the person that all history may be changed by their actions. "In biography the breaking of an arm may be as significant as the fall of a cabinet." This fact was well known by Lytton Strachey.

The characters of a biography must be human, and are, as Strachey says, "too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past." To be able to make his characters human, the biographer must be something of a psychologist. Here Strachey excels.

Strachey, like the other exponents of the new biography, refers constantly to the workings of fate. Because of this there is an undercurrent of melancholy in his work, which develops, sometimes into cynicism. His irony, however, is very subtle and as a result often passes unnoticed.

Outwardly the style of Strachey is one of brilliance. Every sentence, every word, has been carefully weighed and chosen. Strachey's style is like de Maupassant's description of the French language, "clear, logical, and animated," and like the works of Maurois and Ludwig, can be read as easily when translated into a different language.

Strachey loves to paint brilliant pictures and prefers to dwell on the highlights of the lives of his characters, omitting the dull, everyday incidents that other biographers dwell on so consistently. His images, however, are never unconnected and are always seen in the proper perspective to the whole.

Historically Lytton Strachey's works have been used as reference by many other great biographers.

Strachey has made a great contribution to the literature of his country, which in the field of biography had fallen to a lower level than that of the French.

With the death of Strachey we can survey his work as a whole and see that in amount his work was not great but in influence it cannot be estimated. His appearance stimulated the art of biography and it is felt that "his books are of a kind which the world cannot willingly let die."

Ruth McFarlane

—Ruth McFarlane,
Grade XII.

TEODOR JOSEF KONRAD KARZENIOWSKI

Conrad was born on December 3rd, in 1857, in the province of Ukraine in South Russia. His parents were Polish aristocratic landowners, intensely patriotic in their desire to create an independent Poland. In an uprising in 1863 his father was exiled to Volayda. Conrad and his mother obtained permission to go with him on condition that they shared the same hardships. His mother was unable to stand the horrible experience and the climate and she died in 1865. Conrad was sent back to Ukraine to be cared for by his uncle. His father returned from exile in 1868 but he died eighteen months later. At the age of twelve Conrad became an orphan. He caught early a spirit of literature from his father. It seems very unusual that one of the Polish race, whose interests were mainly agricultural, should have had so strong a desire to go to sea.

His uncle understood him and allowed him at the age of sixteen to go to Marseilles and begin his nautical career. He almost lost his life in an attempt to smuggle arms into Spain. When he was nineteen he wrote his uncle that he wanted to go to England. The next year he went although he did not know how to speak a word of English. After two years there he was able to speak fluently. It was in 1881 that he started on his first voyage to the East. The experiences of that voyage and his narrow escape from death both by drowning and fire, are related in "Youth."

The sea was Conrad's great adventure; at times smooth and lovely and at other times, wild and raging, almost murderous. To him it represented the forces of destiny that form human life and later destroy it. It was the inspiration of most of his writing.

Conrad's uncle constantly looked after him against Conrad's wishes, for he would much rather have been free to follow his own will. Later, however, he took out his naturalization papers, which had a great influence, not always recognized, on his works.

If we look into his works there is clear evidence that his renunciation of Poland produced a conflict in his life. Conrad shows his homesickness for Poland in "The Rover." When he left Poland he thought that he would return a rich man. This thought is also expressed in "The Rover," in which the hero returns to his native land and dies fighting for his country.

A book that is often referred to as an autobiography of Joseph Conrad is one of his best novels, "Lord Jim." The first half of the story is a symbolic form of Conrad's youth. Jim is a seaman, who deserts a ship at the age of twenty-three and is ruined by his sense of guilt. He looks upon himself as one who has brought shame upon his relations because he is a

deserter. He deserts a sinking ship and leaves the passengers on board, thus neglecting his duty. But his reasons for deserting are very comprehensible; any man would have been tempted under the same circumstances. But the ship does not sink and all the deserters, including Jim, lose their commissions. Jim wanders about getting jobs here and there. He comes to a Malayan village; a scoundrel, Brown, arrives in the village and massacres the natives. Jim takes the blame and is killed. The story can be followed in Conrad's early life. It is a way of telling his life to the world without anyone knowing it to be his experience. In his life, it was leaving Poland for a new country, full of possibilities, that makes him feel that he is a deserter.

The soul of Conrad is always in his books, but there is a certain formality. He is not in the least humorous except perhaps in the "Introduction to a Handbook to Cookery," written in a humorous vein. However, his other qualities are so good that it does not matter. His lack of humour is a Polish characteristic. His great love for sailing vessels he has reverently set forth in "The Mirror of the Sea." His piercing eyes and keen, deeply lined, bearded face made him look like a sea captain, but his nervous manner, his rapid excited speech, his restlessness and his high shoulders did not suggest the sailor. He was not very fond of music and art but he had good taste in both. Although he was extremely courteous and understanding, his nerves were sometimes aggressive. He was always in difficulty over money. One side of his nature was extravagant, wanting to spend, like a sailor, all he had between two voyages. No one could be more charming when he wished, yet he was nervous and sensitive and could be very irritable.

No author has ever succeeded in the same way that Conrad has in imprisoning the vastness, the mystery and the cruelty of the sea in the few words that a language can boast of. When one reads his books one is carried out to sea on one of the old sailing vessels, off to foreign parts and many adventures.

Conrad's depiction of characters is very exact. He depicts the rough, vulgar sailor better than any other. In the "Nigger and the Narcissus," he has shown the differences between every member of the crew and how each member braves the hardships and peril.

In thinking about Conrad one must remember that he was a foreigner. Long years at sea and as a writer in England did not suppress but only drove in his native quality; but he was even more foreign than an expatriated Pole. He came from a land remoter still, the land of a poet's imagination. But coming from Poland, as he did, he was able to introduce something new into the English language.

One of the greatest things he ever wrote, "The Preface to the Nigger," was omitted from his books for many years because his English publishers thought it too proud a manifesto to come from an almost unknown writer. But in that preface he spoke as does a great king when entering his kingdom.

—Mary Walston,
Grade XII.

M. Walston

This picture hung
 In mother's room
 And in her mother's room before:
 They both, as girls,
 Morn, night, and noon,
 Glanced sweetly at its fairy lore.
 They loved it then—
 I love it now,
 And think the same glad thoughts they thought:
 And hope, as they,
 Someday, somehow,
 A fairy prince (as princes ought)
 Will sing to me
 On mandolin,
 And steal my fluttering heart away—
 They thought these thoughts
 In crinoline—
 Alas! Where is romance to-day?

—Betty Ray Parton,
 Grade XI.

A PIECE OF GUM

B R Parton

(Hon. Mention)

Jimmie sat on the sidewalk with the rest of his baseball team and chewed me. I was not a nationally advertised brand of chewing gum but I was good gum and after all "What's in a name?" When Jimmie went up to bat he took me out of his mouth and stuck me to his bat. He swung the bat, "strike one." Again he missed—"strike two." The third time he put all his strength into the blow and sent the ball flying. He dropped the bat and ran. Jimmie made a home run and his team won the game. When the game was over Jimmie picked me off the bat saying "you're a lucky piece of gum, you are."

From this time on Jimmie and I were friends. Because I brought him luck Jimmie valued me highly. But treasured as I was, I was lost regularly. He would stick me in queer places and forget me, but sooner or later he always found me until one day he left me stuck to his desk at school. That night the school caught fire and almost half the school was reduced to a mass of ruins. However, many of the desks escaped unscathed and Jimmie's desk to which I was stuck, was one of these.

The school was old and had not been much loss. The school board decided to build an entirely new building with new furniture. The old desks were taken to another school and I went with them, stuck to Jimmie's desk.

The next owner of the desk was a neat little girl, who when she discovered all the wads of gum stuck to her desk promptly scraped my friends and me off and threw us away.

We thought the end had come for us but the janitor was an untidy man and we were not burned immediately. I stuck to the shoe of a teacher who had come down to ask the janitor a question. I did no damage and soon after she got back to her class room I fell off. A visiting teacher stepped on me with more disastrous results though, for she soon found herself sitting on the classroom floor, while the class, behind their exercise books, shook with suppressed laughter to see the school's most stately teacher in such an undignified position.

After this episode I was thrown away a second time and this time the janitor was more careful. It gave me great pleasure to think how much joy I had given those children though, by causing the downfall of that strict and stately teacher. I was certainly a lucky piece of gum.

—Margaret Aldous,
Grade IX.

Is there ever a girl who has not said
"I wish these teachers all were dead,
The homework that we have to do!"

"I didn't set the syllabus,"
They say, but still it's hard on us.
I wonder if they only knew
How often we sit up till twelve
And our text-books dig and delve,
Learning spelling by the yard
Or the famous words of an ancient bard,
Or essays on the state of things
When the House of York were kings.
And if we don't get it all done
Back on Saturday we come!

ginty
—Janet Turnbull,
Grade X.

THE FISHER FOLK

The sun is setting in the west,
The fisher folk prepare their boats,
The children bring the nets with zest,
For the tide is coming in.

The eastern sky is all aglow,
As 'cross the wave the boats return;
The men are tired, their stroke is slow,
As they reach quay and home.

Some from their labours just return
As others to their work must go;
And from this fact a moral learn,
Man's work is never done.

Betty Moxon
—Betty Moxon,
—Grade VIII.

CHRISTMAS EVE

The day is cold,
 And all the sky is somber, grey and dreary;
 The moaning trees are naked, stark, and weary;
 The world is old.

A sobbing cry
 The wind makes, whining like a fretful child,
 While cutting, biting, mounting high and wild
 To the dark sky.

Now drifts are deep;
 The streets are bare save for one passing car,
 And there, all vague and snowy out-lines are
 The homes asleep.

The wind is low,
 The sleeping world, enveloped in pure white,
 Is young once more in homage to that night
 So long ago.

—C. Lehmann,
 Grade XI.

ASSINIBOINE RIVER

At the foot of our school grounds a river slowly winds its way between banks which are white in winter, but in summer take on a greyish hue, topped by the vivid green of the bushes.

This river with its murky, grey-green water flowing sluggishly past, has given our school its name. In the summer, as we play on its bank, we hear the screeching of the gulls, and watch them wheel and circle above it, white against the blue of the summer sky. Once we were able to slide across the ice in winter, but now it is no longer safe.

There are rivers which race foaming and bubbling among the rocks on their way to the sea, leaping over waterfalls as they go, but even in the spring when it rises and carries with it great cakes of ice, our river never seems to hurry. "Slow and sure" seems to be its motto now, but perhaps at sometime in the past it has dashed along between steep banks. However slowly this river of ours flows it is a river and a thing of placid beauty."

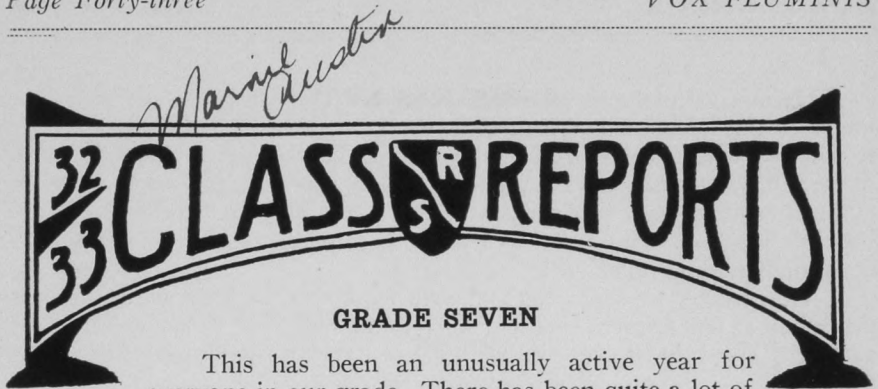
—Margaret Aldous,
 Grade IX.

PHYSICS

Perhaps you've heard of the Physics "four,"
 How they learn the mechanics about a door;
 You've heard them groan about calculation,
 Such groans as would nearly stir the nation.
 In electric currents they've found their master
 'Cause of E.M.F. they can go much faster,
 So we hope for the "four" there'll be no disaster

In Physics.

—The Physics Class.



GRADE SEVEN

This has been an unusually active year for everyone in our grade. There has been quite a lot of work to do but we have managed to include other activities as well. Last fall we had a weiner roast in Fort Garry and several of the teachers accompanied us. We spent a lovely evening around the fire, eating weiners and marshmallows. M.A.

During the winter we decided to build a snow fort. It took us quite a long time to complete it but when it was finished the snow bank was converted into three rooms. Here we amused ourselves a great deal of our time. When spring came, however, the sun soon melted our fort, which will be rebuilt next year, we hope.

We have had an aquarium on our window-sill this spring. In it has been a tadpole, gradually developing into a frog, and a pet lizard. Before long we hope to have some turtles and goldfish to increase our collection.

This year we decided to have a library of our own. Many of the girls brought books from home and the last few lockers were used to keep them in. Soon girls from the other grades were borrowing from our library and we decided to impose a charge of a cent for every book taken out. Lately a bookcase was brought to school made by Morna Kenny. It is beautifully made and is a great addition to our classroom. Our library has given us much enjoyment and we hope to increase it by a great many books next year.

GRADE VIII. REPORT

The Picnic: In the fall Grade VIII. held their annual class picnic. Besides the eleven Grade Eights we invited Miss Gregory, Miss Wilson, Annette Hunter and Roberta Lee, our former school-captain. We went to Fort Garry Drive and chose a spot with beautiful surroundings, a grave-yard on one side and grade 9 on the other. However, in spite of this, we were able to enjoy ourselves immensely. We played games but I think most of us spent our time running about the river bank.

Marion, as might be expected, suggested that we go in swimming in the river and many of us *fell in* with the idea. When the question arose as to what we would bathe in, Marion waved it aside saying, "It really doesn't matter, it's not necessary." When the plan was brought up before the authorities, it seems it *was* necessary, and it was quickly dispelled.

We next set about building a fire and joyously began to eat weiners, marshmallows and other indigestible things.

After supper we separated and went exploring. A little while later we met again at our original spot and were told it was time to leave. One and all had enjoyed themselves and we hope to have an equally enjoyable time next year.

Initiation: Grade Eight held their class initiation at the home of our sports captain, Marian Haig. Our victims were the two new girls, June Gerow and June Edmison, and our new form mistress, Miss Wilson.

After many unpleasant moments for the initiates, which we will not relate here, they were made members of the class. Refreshments, needed by that time, were followed by dancing and shortly before ten we broke up.

Toboggan Party: This year Grade VIII. are going to invite the Happy Hearts Club from the Robinson House Mission, to a toboggan party at the school on Saturday, March 4th. These children are little girls of seven or eight years old, who have not the advantages that we have.

Two cars will go down to the Mission for the children at 2.30 and bring them back to the school. They will probably be a little shy at first but not for long. We will toboggan from three until four and then go to the sitting room in the "red house" for refreshments and games. I am sure the little girls will enjoy themselves and go away with "happy hearts."

After they are gone we will have our own refreshments and probably end up with dancing.

(Ed's. Note: This event, now passed, was a great success).

CLASS NOTES, GRADE IX.

Who's our teacher, clever and tall?

Who'll be a bride before next fall?

Miss Chestnut.

Who's the one who's always slow?

And cries to us "Ah, please go slow!"

Aldy.

Who's our talented musical member?

The one who joined us last September.

Nettie.

Who's the one we love to tease?
She takes it all with smiling ease.

Wally.

Who's the girl who's dark and thin?
A mischievous monkey, full of vim.

Nancy.

Who's more studious than the rest?
Never last and often best.

Isobel.

Who's a roguish little elf?
And finds it hard to control herself.

Monica.

Who is very saucy and gay?
And at the top she seems to stay.

Kay.

Who's the one our star in gym?
And who spurs us on to win.

Flett.

Who's the tallest in our class?
Dark and pretty—what a lass.

Mary.

Who's our clergyman and judge?
Gives all she's got without a grudge.

Doc.

Who in school looks neat and prim?
Although with fun she's filled to the brim?

Micurdy.

GRADE X.

The happy bell has scarcely rung at five
When all Grade Ten is suddenly alive.
The teacher takes her books and leaves the room
And says "Those girls will some day be my doom."

Jane and Inas weren't so bad to-day
But Grace and 'Berta simply had to play.
Marnie came in late from drawing class,
Ruth's still wondering whether she will pass.

Susan had her nose poked in a book,
Mary Rait was silent in her nook,
Altho' I'm sure whenever she was able
She passed a little note or two to Mabel.

Ariel was pestering poor Miss Fraser,
Pattie had to borrow Ell's eraser.
Marg Anderson and Sheila didn't know
What their German was so they asked Jo.

Mary Cowan and Janet in row two,
Always work as if they really had to.
I really think that Grade Ten has improved,
It's weeks and weeks since anyone's been moved.

Josephine Rose

GRADE XI.

A little old lady sat staring into the fire and as she watched, suddenly a picture rose up in the flames, and her heart was carried back to the days of her youth. She sat once more in the bright little classroom that held so many happy memories for her. Yes, there they all were again, laughing and chatting in little groups, chasing each other among the desks and around the table, or singing in delightful harmony. Ah! that harmony! Now the picture was as clear as if she were really living it. She could see a solemn class being reprimanded severely on the matter of sitting up straight. How well she remembered that! There—the lesson is finished—two girls chase each other out of the room, one trips as she gets to the door; two others entwine their arms lovingly about each other as they leave; another grand fight starts as books fly. Finally the little room is quite deserted; and now the scene changes suddenly.

It is autumn. The girls are seated in a glassy glade. A river is running nearby and several of the girls are swimming. There is much excitement as a sumptuous feast is laid out and everyone falls to with much zest. The picture fades and another takes its place.

This time the girls are not in their uniform, and they look very different. But they are the same girls and they enjoy every minute of the party. They had a lot of parties like that, she remembers, and had a good time at every one of them. The scene changes again.

Now the girls are back at school. Up in the gym there is tense excitement. The team is working hard to win the basketball cup; they are wearing that "do or die" look. There is great cheering and keen enthusiasm.

The flames sputter, and the last picture shows. Long lines of girls dressed in white—bouquets—prizes—half-happiness and half-sadness as the girls take leave of each other and say good-bye to the school. They will not be together next year.

The picture fades, and dies out, and in its place the flames are slowly sinking into glowing embers. The little old lady droops her head, and a tear falls on the worn hands.

GRADE XII. HAS VISITORS

Once upon a Monday dreary, while we pondered weak and weary
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While we nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping at our classroom door.
 " 'Tis some teacher," we muttered, "tapping at our classroom door,
 Only this and nothing more."

Presently our souls grew stronger; hesitating then no more,
 "Miss," said we, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness we implore;
But the point is we were napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at our classroom door,
 That we scarce were sure we heard you."—Here we opened wide the door;
 Miss Foster there and nothing more.

Mary from behind was peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, fearing fears no student ever dared to fear before,
 But the silence was unbroken, a glassy stare as token,
 And the only words then spoken were Miss Foster's loud "No more!"
 This she thundered and an echo sounded back the words "No more!"
 Merely this and nothing more.

Soon again we heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
 In there stepped a graceful woman of the saintly days of yore,
 Not the least obeisance made she; just a minute stopped and stayed she,
 Then we could not help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing Miss Fraser rolling on the floor.
 Even this and nothing more.

Then we thought the air grew denser, perfumed by a bunsen burner,
 Miss Bowman's footfalls tinkled on the hardwood floor.
 "Wretch," we cried, "thy pal hath sent thee, to us pupils she hath sent thee,
 Leave our loneliness unbroken!—take the bunsen out the door!
 And the lamplight o'er them streaming threw their shadows on the floor.
 Only this and nothing more.

Startled at the stillness broken by a pun quite aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what she utters is her only stock and store."
 This and more I sat divining with my head at ease reclining
 On the table top so shining that the lamplight gloated o'er
 The rare and radiant maidens whom the teachers all adore?
 They shall shine. Ah! Nevermore!

REPORTS



THE PLAYS

Ever since the beginning of the school, stage curtains and a good stage have been needed, but it was not until this year that they have been achieved. The Riverbend Alumnae began the fund for the curtains with a silver tea. A few more dollars were needed to complete the fund, so the school decided on the performance of a French comedy, a skit by Thackeray and some German fairy tales.

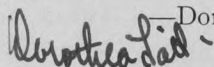
To quote from the Tribune write up: "The honors of the evening went to the French comedy with Peggy Carlisle in the leading role. Playing the part of an elderly gentleman who fell in love—if only with the warmth of an Indian summer sun—was an exacting role. Miss Carlisle's French was voluble and forceful, and her characterization of the uncle was a good piece of work.

"A close runner-up for histrionic honors was Frances Aikins, as the housekeeper, who was 'in the secret.' Her 'eh bien' as she nonchalantly folded her hands over her apron, setting her house-keeper's keys a-jingling, was very natural. The others in the play were Carla Lehmann as Noel, the nephew; Grace Clark as Adrienne, the charming niece, and Betty Neal as the maid.

"'The Rose and the Ring,' a fanciful tale of a king and a queen and two courts, written by Thackeray, was also played by the senior students of the school. The leading parts were taken by Grace McCurdy and Margaret Elders. Plenty of make-believe was provided through the setting and costumes especially that of Count Hedsoff.

"The junior girls presented three scenes from Strewelpeter, brief and effective. In the first, Fidgety Philip was with his mother and father at the dinner table; his naughtiness ended in his standing 'in the corner.' The next scene depicted dramatically the dire results of little boys not eating their soup, and the last should be a cure to all suck-a-thumbs for the Scissors Man cut off the thumbs!"—The Tribune.

The members of the casts are very pleased with the success of their efforts and can certainly feel that they have accomplished something for the school.

 Dorothea Tait,
Grade XI.

SCHOOL PRAYERS

"And it shall come to pass if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth." Deut. 28 : 1.

It is not for us to dispute the word of the Bible and accordingly we have taken special notice of the "if" in the above excerpt.

We assemble every morning in the gymnasium of our school for prayers. A hymn is sung followed by Scripture and short prayer, read by Miss Foster, while the students join in the Lord's Prayer. The pupils then rise and return to their classrooms. Every Tuesday and Friday there is a slight change from the ordinary routine. On Tuesdays a minister is invited to address the school, whom the girls greatly appreciate. The duties are taken over by the members of Grades Eleven and Twelve every Friday. Usually a story is read which can be easily understood by all, or a short skit is put on by a few of the girls. This year the very amusing "Alexander's Horse," by Maurice Baring, was enacted by Margaret Elders and Enid Wertheim. The dialogue consisted chiefly of arguments based on the state of an egg after it had been served to the king, and the color of Alexander's horse. The girls are aided by Miss Erith and Miss Wilson in selecting a story or skit and a scripture.

It is hoped that this procedure will prove sufficiently effective to ensure its continuation.

Betty Neal Betty Neal,
Grade XI.

THE GLEE CLUBS

The Glee Clubs at Riverbend are very important activities.

Every Thursday afternoon the Senior Glee Club (from Grades Nine to Twelve) gather in the music room of the "red house" at three o'clock, at least that is the scheduled time. We open with some queer noises which Mrs. Dempsey calls exercises, then proceed on to our songs. Our work varies throughout the year: in the autumn we prepared songs for the Armistice Service; after that we began practicing on the Christmas Pageant. Mrs. Dempsey spent great effort and much time on this concert, having us arranged as monks grouped around a glowing campfire (planned and executed by Mr. Dempsey), singing old English carols. Right now we are working hard on our "festival songs" and are naturally hoping to do ourselves credit.

The Intermediate Glee Club consisted until Christmas, of Grades Four to Seven. But after that Grade Eight came in for festival work and Grade Four was changed to the Junior Glee Club. For the Christmas concert the Intermediate Glee Club also performed a very lovely pageant. We are now practicing for the festival and our songs will be "Over Hill, Over Dale!" and "Hush-a-Bye Birdie." After the festival we will practice for Commencement. One of our songs will be the "Sea Garden."

The Junior Glee Club will not enter the festival this year but will sing at the closing exercises. It consists of Grades One to Four. Many of these were of the group that sang French Christmas Carols at the Christmas concert.

This note is not complete without some mention of our leader, Mrs. Dempsey. All through the year she has cheerfully helped us along. We candidly admit we are a handful and that it takes no ordinary patience to deal with us. We should also like to thank our accompanist, Miss Maurine Pottruff, for her constant attendance and willing practice with us.

—Frances Aikins and Shirley Johnston.

Frances Aikins

FRENCH CLUB

In spite of our very few meetings of French Club this year we have had a good variety of entertainment, displaying dramatic as well as lingual ability. At the first meeting we elected our president, Grace Clark. A skit was put on about a dog and his master, Peggy Carlisle and Frances Aikins taking part. Marguerite McDonald and Barbara South sang a charming little song, "Cadet Rousselle," and the meeting was finished up with joyous singing and "O Canada!" At the second meeting Dorothea Tait recited Ronsard's poem "A Helène." Shirley McLean told a story about a little dog Medar and the well known story "Les Trois Ours" was told by Mary Walston. Then Grade IX. presented one of their own plays, a street scene in Paris, a delightful bit of humor. For our final meeting Grade XI. and XII. planned a debate, "Résolué que le voyage en bateau est plus agréable qu'un voyage en auto." Grade XII. took the affirmative side and triumphed after a fierce struggle. Altogether French Club has been a delightful accompaniment to study.

There has also been a Junior French Club. During their meetings they have played games and sung songs and in general have enjoyed themselves.

Too bad that work has kept us too busy to participate in many of these meetings but there will be more next year, so "au revoir" until then.

—Mary Walston,
Grade XII.

M. Walston

SEWING CLUB

Every Monday afternoon as the two o'clock bell rings, Grades Seven and Eight gather up their sewing baskets and hurry over to the sitting room in the Red House for sewing club. A few minutes later Miss Chestnut, our sewing teacher, arrives on the scene with her suitcase. Everyone clambers around her with their work and after an inspection, a smile and a word of approval to one girl, and a frown at another rather untidy and dirty piece of work, everyone settles down for an hour's sewing. Someone has no needle, and there is a great search for that small but worthy object.

A stray needle is begged, borrowed or stolen from somewhere and once more peace reigns.

"Anybody any thread?" cries a voice, and immediately a spool of thread is thrown from somewhere in hopes it won't hit someone in its flight. There is usually about one pair of scissors amongst fifteen or more girls.

Above the hubbub comes Miss Chestnut's voice, "Quiet girls, less noise and more work."

At the beginning of the year we made taffeta pyjama bags of various colors, which, when finished, resembled a rose. When those were completed we knitted a few small things. We are now making layettes for babies, and we hope to find a baby to give ours to. And, although the little garments may not be of the finest handiwork, nevertheless we have all put our best stitches into our work.

Sometimes Miss Chestnut reads to us while we sew, usually from Tom Sawyer or Anne of Green Gables. But there is always an interruption from someone who wants their work straightened or untangled, and the book is passed on to some girl whose work is finished or being fixed by the teacher.

As the three o'clock bell rings we gather up our work and depart. Although we often grumble about sewing club, I think most of us find that hour on Monday afternoon very enjoyable.

—Gladys Cotterell,

—Grade VIII.

Gladys Cotterell

You may have noticed the appropriate captions, witty, smart, or clever as the case may be, above certain sections of our magazine. These are all the work of Marnie Austin and Isobel Hutchison. Thanks a lot, both of you!



WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

MA

Why Mary Walston stays till six o'clock?
 Why Grade VIII. had such a very evident fondness for onions?
 Why the clothes disappeared out of Locker 7?
 What is that dismal resounding boom that roars forth from Grade XI.? "Tait," do you know?
 Who discovered to her great dismay that walls have ears?
 If Carla and Betty Ray often go to the kitchen "for lemons to remove ink-stains"?
 What Grade VIII. hears, listening at the pipes leading up from the Editing Office?
 Why the staff wonders who "Minnie the Moocher" is?
 Who says: "It's as broad as it's long."
 "Assez-vous!"
 "Girls!! this is appalling!"

CALL THEM WHAT YOU LIKE

* * *

Miss Foster walked into a Grade XI. Chemistry class one day and the following conversation took place:

Miss Foster (pointing angrily to some scattered books under Betty Ray's desk): "Betty Ray, what *are* those things under your desk?"

Betty Ray (blushing): "My feet, Miss Foster."

* * *

Marg (knee-deep in a snow drift): "I get the drift this time."

* * *

Miss Fraser (in algebra class): " x is the speed at which a train is travelling. There are two values for x , +30 and -15. You see immediately that the answer is +30. A train couldn't travel -15 miles an hour."

Mary Jane: "Wha? Wha? I don't unnerstan'. Not even if it were going backward?"

* * *

Marg (opening the door of the class-room): "I guess this let's me out."

* * *

Miss Chestnut (in Latin class): "Now girls, what is the Pluperfect Subjunctive of the verb 'Iubere'?"

Dime (jubilantly): "Iussissi, Miss Chestnut." (Note for the ignorant: expressed as "you sissy").

* * *

Will some kind person please inform Josephine Rose that a molecule is not one of those things that Englishmen wear.

Josephine Rose

* * *

Jane Whyte: "Do you think paper can really be used to keep people warm?"

Inas: "I should say so! The last report card that was sent home kept me warm for weeks!"

* * *

Teacher (during examination): "I hope I didn't see you looking at your book Marnie."

Marnie: "I hope you didn't too."

* * *

Susan Thomas: "Do you know the Scotch rugby yell?"

Mary Rait: "Yes. 'Get that quarter back'."

* * *

We are told that cookery is learned only by practice. So girls, if at first you don't succeed, fry, fry again.

* * *

Inas: "Miss Bowman said a very cutting thing to me just now."

"Stable": "What was it?"

Inas: "She told me to do a 'Scissors' in gym."

* * *

Enid: "You know I had the funniest dream last night. I dreamed I was eating a marvellous turkey dinner when —."

Class (feverishly): "Yes, yes, go on."

Enid: "I woke up and found the pillow was GONE!"

* * *

Boners that might appeal to Grades X. and XI.:

A water-shed is a shed in the middle of the sea where ships shelter during a storm.

Ostracized is when an ostrich sticks his head in the sand when he thinks someone is coming.

Enoch walked with the Lord but he was not what the Lord took him for.

The sea-port of Athens is Pyorrhea.

Fish lay eggs. This is called swarming.

The enraptured tourist stood on the banks of the Grand Canal in Venice, drinking it all in.

Histrionic is the ironic facts of history.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary War was the English put tacks in their tea.

Rhubarb is a kind of celery gone blood-shot.

An idiom is a person of low intellect.

JUNIOR SCHOOL



The following composition by Julia Dale was awarded first place of all contributions handed in by the Junior School. The poem, "The Dragon," by Gloria Brown, came second; while a composition "An Adventure," by Caroline Harris and a play "The Disaster," by Joyce Johnston, gained Honorable Mention.

THE WORLD IN 1983

One night as I got into bed a strange thing happened. Whether I dreamed this or not I do not know. The window was open, and as I lay there looking at it, a creature clothed in black came in. "I am the Future," it said, "and I have come to take you to the year 1983."

It came to the bed and took my hand. "Come," it said. When we flew into the garden. There was nothing but a cold blackness. There were no rose or lilac bushes. As we went through the black my companion would not talk. After an hour of this silence, I could see a faint silvery gleam. This was the future!

When we emerged into the sunlight I found my strange companion gone. I will tell you what the world looked like. There were many magnificent buildings built of steel towering to the clouds. The sidewalks moved like the stairs in Eatons or the "Bay." The people did not have money for it had gone long ago.

There were no movies but they did have a lot of radios. The aeroplanes fascinated me. Some were built like rockets, others like balls, and some like aeroplanes of the past. There were no automobiles, for people used aeroplanes instead. Some people invited me to their sky-scraper for dinner and to hear an inter-planetary broadcast.

First we had supper, which consisted of little white pills which filled a person like a turkey dinner would. The servants were robots who could talk and act like humans.

After dinner we went to the living-room and turned on the television radio. A bright green light went on and the radio started making unearthly shrieks.

Suddenly a voice came through saying "This is station BDF of the interplanetary network. We will now send you through to station MARS, on the planet Mars. This is the first broadcast of its kind, ladies and gentlemen. Are you ready, let's go?"

Instantly some music struck up and a weird funny face appeared on the television screen. It was gray with huge flapping ears, no hair and red eyes.

It said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the first number on this program will be 'Why did you kill me?'" Then came the most awful earsplitting shrieks and noises.

I sat down in the window to watch the bright lights which swept the sky. As I closed my eyes to rest them, somebody shook me and said, "Wake

up, you'll be late for school." When I told mother of my adventure she thought it was a dream. I don't, do you?

Julia Dale

—Julia Dale,
Grade VI.

THE DRAGON

Now once on a time lived a fair princess,
Most beautiful and charming.
Her father the King was a wicked old thing,
With manners most alarming.
And ever on the front door mat,
A most ferocious dragon sat,
He made such an awful screeching noise,
That everyone forgot his joys.

—Gloria Brown,
Grade IV.

THE DISASTER

The verse the play was taken from:

The horse, and the flea, and the three blind mice,
Went out to the barn to shake a game of dice;
The horse fell down and sat upon the flea,
The flea cried out, "There's a horse on me!"

Players: Horse, Flea, Three Blind Mice.

ACT I. SCENE I.: The Barnyard.

Horse: Let's have a game of dice in the barn!

Three Blind Mice (all together): What? Where? The Barn?

No. Yes. Yes.

Horse: Two against one, we'll go. Come on!

(Exit all). Curtain.

SCENE II. The barn.

Horse: We forgot the dice, Blind Mice. Go and get it, all of you.

Hurry! Meanwhile we'll sit down. (Horse sits on flea).

Flea: There's a (blub) horse on (blub) me.

Horse: My goodness! What's underneath me? (Gets up). Exit horse.

Flea: I'm badly crushed. Ho-hum!

Curtain. Finis.

Joyce Johnston

—Joyce Johnston,
Grade IV.

AN ADVENTURE

"Spring has come," said a little squirrel named Jumpy. He peeped out of his hole and making sure nobody was near he scampered out of his doorway. Looking around he saw an acorn, so scampering on to a piece of ice (he didn't know it was ice) he ate the acorn and gave a little jump and lo and behold! he was floating down the stream.

What was he to do? The water looked very cold and it was too long a jump to the shore. As he was thinking this, another idea came into his

head, "This is fun. I have a ship of my own. I'll play I'm a fisherman. Perhaps I'll catch another acorn."

This game grew monotonous at last, and Jumpy grew tired. He had had no luck in acorn fishing as he had decided to call it.

"Oh dear!" he sighed, "will I keep floating forever?" Just then he turned a sharp corner and he was drifting straight for a mountain.

"Oooo—" said Jumpy and then he shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! Land at last," but here he was wrong, for just as his ship seemed about to go aground he was sailing through a dark, spooky place. "This is the way you die," thought Jumpy.

Just then he burst into the open air and was floating with many other pieces of ice. Suddenly another bright idea came to him, "Why if I hop from one piece of ice to another I can get to shore," he thought, and his idea carried him to dry land. "I'll never go sailing again," said Jumpy, when he was safely at home, and he never did as long as he lived.

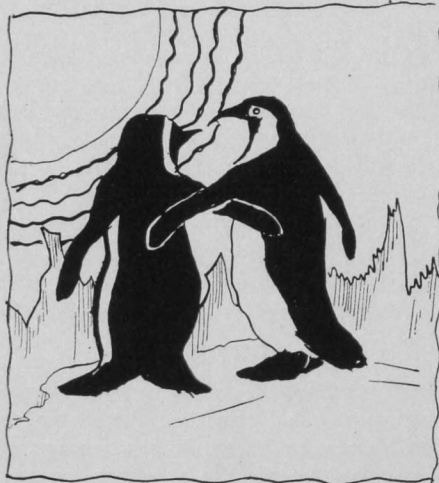
—Caroline Harris,
Grade VI.

Caroline Harris

BLACK CAT

Down in the basement sleeps our cat,
He's getting old and he's getting fat.
He likes rare meat, and he likes raw eggs
And when he's hungry for these he begs.

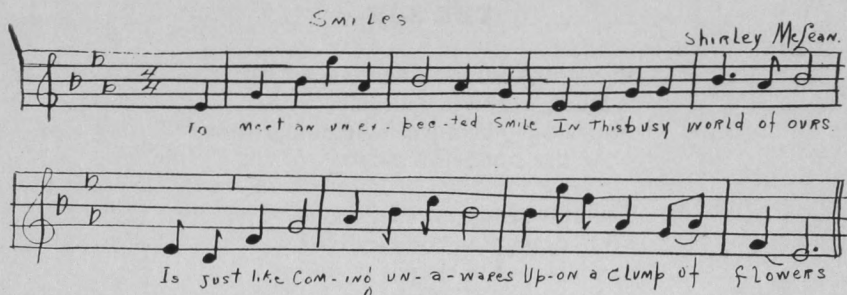
—Joan Francis,
Grade II.



PENGUIN PALS

—Julia Dale,
Grade VI.

Julia Dale



This is an original composition by Shirley McLean, age 9, Grade V.

Shirley McLean.
DOG

Once there was a little dog,
 And he caught a little frog,
 And he treated it with care,
 Which I think was only fair.

—Joan Francis,
 Grade II.

MY TRIP TO IRELAND

We went to Ireland four years ago. First we went to Toronto and stayed with my Aunt and Uncle for a day. Then we went on the boat.

When we were going up the St. Lawrence River I saw the most beautiful scenes. There were some lovely flowers and many trees. There were three days quite rough, but the others were nice. We all had a nice time on the boat.

We met my Aunt on the ferry. Then we went to her house for breakfast. We stayed with her for a fortnight. She took us down town and showed us the lovely shops and stores. I don't think they were as nice as the stores in Winnipeg.

I had a lovely time staying with all my relations. I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean six times and hope to be able to go over to Ireland again.

—Edna Fyffe,
 Grade V.

Edna Fyffe

THE SUN

The sun is a round and golden ball,
Hung in the sky all day,
And drops like a ball of flaming fire
At the sunset of a day.

The sun sends rays of violet,
Of orange, yellow and red,
And colors the clouds at sunset,
As he sinks into his bed.

Round and round the world he goes
Forever, ever and aye.
He's gone around for thousands of years,
In his fiery chariots of day.

—Peggy Murray,
Grade VI.

Peggy Murray

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN REDBREAST

April 4, 1933,
Southern States.

Dear Children:

I am going to tell you about my last adventure in the South. Last September when I flew away from your place I followed the Mississippi River for a while and I came to the Cotton States. Here I had the most wonderful time in the warm sunshine, and listening to the Darkies singing their old songs. Here I met some of my neighbors, Mr. Oriole and his family and Mr. Bluejay and his family. We were all very glad to see each other and Mr. Oriole invited Mr. Bluejay and myself to have dinner with him. We had a very good dinner of worms and grass mixed together.

On my way home that night Mr. Kingbird made an attack on me. We fought for a long time and, to tell you the real truth, Mr. Kingbird got the better of me. I could not fly home then so I had to walk. When I did get home my wife made me go to bed and I had to stay there till I was all better.

I had a very lovely time in the Southern States, but for that fight, and I like it very much there. However, I think it is far nicer beside you children, where I can sing for you. I will be back again in your backyard in May, so I hope you have my house up.

Good-bye for now,
Robin Redbreast.

Maria Kipp —Maria Kipp,
Grade V.

THE ROSE

Once there was a rose. It was the prettiest rose in the florists. One day a man came in and ordered one dozen roses and this rose was taken amongst the dozen. It was soon in its new home. After that it was put into a vase of nice cool water. When night came it was restless and wished it were in the florists. When morning came it was almost dead and knew it was to be thrown out next morning. Next morning it fell into the arms of mother earth, and fell asleep for a year.

THE SMOKE

The smoke that comes from the chimney,
Looks pretty in the light.
Sometimes it's blue, sometimes it's pink
But it's always black at night.

—Helen Palk,

Grade II.

MY LITTLE SISTER

I have a little sister just so high,
Sometimes she laughs and sometimes she cries;
She has ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Two blue eyes and a little pug nose.

—Gloria Montgomery,

Grade III.

A NIGHT WITH MICKEY MOUSE AND THE KITCHEN FOLK

Micky Mouse lived in a little hole in the pantry. Every night he would come out and have some exciting adventure with kitchen folk. One night he called them around him and asked them if they had thought up any exciting adventure during the day. "I have," spoke up baby spoon, "Let's have a game of football." "That's a good idea!" they all said in a chorus and they ran downstairs to get the ball. All of a sudden Mr. China Plate fell and broke into a million pieces. What were they to do! Supposing cook came down and saw him!

Now Mr. Paste Bottle had been asleep on the shelf and he was wakened by the noise. He ran to where the noise had come from. When he saw them he cried out, "Dear, dear, why didn't you call me sooner. I can fix that in a minute," and before anyone could say "Jack Robinson" there stood Mr. Plate as good as new.

Mickey thanked Mr. Paste Bottle, then they all ran to their places while Mickey went back to his hole and dreamt of a piece of cheese hidden in the bread box.

—Mary Harris,

Grade V.

MEINE TIERE

Ich habe einen Hund. Er ist klein. Er heisst Blarney Boy. Ich habe auch eine Katze. Sie ist schwarz und sie heisst Blackie. Auch habe ich einen Papagei, zwei Kanarienvögel, unde zwei Goldfische. Ich habe die Tiere sehr gern.

von Maria Kipp.
Grade V.

Maria Kipp

SPRING'S HERALD

Madam Spring was making her preparation for her long journey back to the earth. She planned to have some of her children go on as heralds. As Madam Spring looked at the cold bleak earth she said, "Oh deary me, look at earth, it is so dreary and cold. Old King Winter is still there."

"I'm sure we could brave the cold," called out the thorny little wild roses.

"No, no," said Madam Spring, "Your petals would freeze as brown as the dead leaves."

"Take us," whispered the snow drops, "I'm sure we would not freeze."

"No," sighed the distracted Madam Spring, "Oh there are so many, I do not know which to choose."

"Take me," shouted the tall jolly sunflower, "My stem and petals are so thick and strong, anyway, the sun would warm me if I got cold."

Madam Spring did not answer, for the tree children had come in. The elm was speaker because his voice was loud and strong. "Let us go," he bellowed, "Let us wear new leaves to show the humans you are coming."

"You can," said Madam Spring, "but I also want a flower to go."

"Let us go," said Pussy Willow. "Our warm coats will keep us warm."

"So you shall," said Madam Spring.

And that is how Pussy Willow became the first herald of spring.

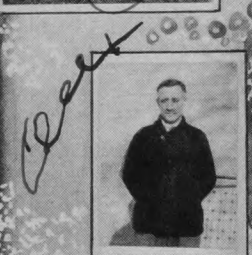
—Julia Dale.
Julia Dale

George
John
Mary
John
John

Arthur
John
John
John
John

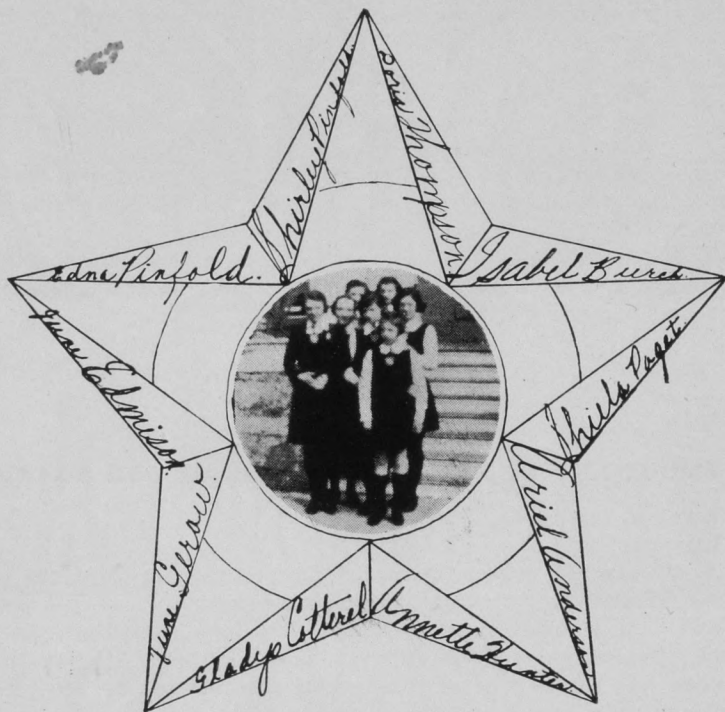


many.



Ariel Anderson

STAR BOARDERS



FRIDAY NIGHTS!

Among the boarders the Friday nights are looked forward to,—no study. What a grand and glorious feeling!

"But," people say, "What do you do on Friday nights,—go to bed?"

Oh no! we do better things than that.

What I mean to say is, that, in appropriate weather we had picnics, in the form of marshmallow and weiner roasts and outdoor treasure hunts. Then as the year wore on we had a Hallowe'en dinner and party with the whole school. During that evening there were about a dozen frightened girls who were initiated.

Many of our evenings are spent in skating and tobogganing, that is, while the weather is good for these sports. Now we are busy with badminton tournaments and 'Jig-Saw Craze.' We are looking forward to the nice evenings when we can go out again without freezing.

Those boarders, who wished, attended such entertainments as the Celebrity Concerts, the 'Gondoliers,' put on by the University Dramatic Club, and the Winter Club Carnival.

We all attended Herbert Wilkins' lecture on 'Explorations in the Far North and South.'

All in all, our Friday nights are to be remembered, don't you think so?

THANK YOU!

At the beginning of the school term, seven strange boarders arrived—strange to the surroundings, routine, and most of all, the students and teachers.

But, it was not long before we all felt as if we really and truly belonged here and we take this chance to thank the teachers and day students who so quickly and kindly made us feel "at home."

Signed,

"The Boarders."

ANONYMOUS LETTER RECEIVED BY ONE OF OUR BOARDERS

To the lady with the beootiful eyes:

Deere Miss,

If I am takin of a liberty a writin ter yoo like this will yoo pleeze forgiv me. It seems as how I cant never fergit yoo. Ever since I saw yoo walkin with yore frends one mornin last week I have waited every mornin to see yoo. Yisterday yoo smiled at me tho yoo didnt no it. It seems as how I cant never get the thot of yore beootiful eyes out of my hed. Pleeze, miss make me hart happy and smile at me tomorrow mornin. I will tuch my cap and yoo will no me. This is all I ask for I luv yoo so much.

Yore's truly,

An Admirer.

Answer

My dear Sir,

I am sorry not to have answered your cheery little notes before. I have been engaged with things that one cannot put aside.

You sound to be a most interesting person and I would like to make your acquaintance. But first, give it a serious thought. You will find that it will not be profitable to fill your mind with shallow thoughts of a person of my ilk.

If you still feel the same, meet me at the bench near the Swan Ponds in the park near Broadway. I will be there on Saturday a.m. and between 2 and 3.45 p.m.

I will always smile at you when I pass you—be sure of that.

I hope you will receive this safely.

Sincerely,

"An Unknown Acquaintance as Yet."

Rising gong
Ringing long.

Hurried dress
Rooms a mess!

Something to eat,
Boarders treat.

Tidy room,
Walk soon.

Back to school
Life a whirl!

Milk and Cookies!

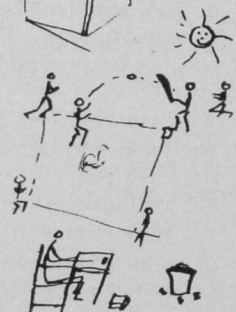
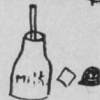
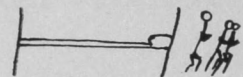
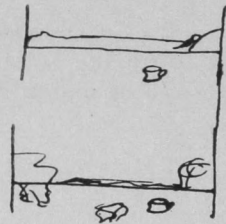
To the grind
Not hard to find.

Eats again!
Boarders gain.

Then work
Never shirk!

Outdoor fun
A little sun.

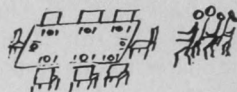
Back till five
Another strive.



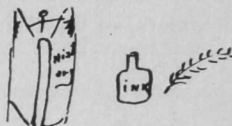
Then to dress
Another mess?



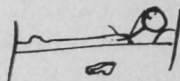
Oh! but dinner
Cut down! get thinner!



More books
Sleepy looks.



Then to bed
Oh! my head.



Ho Hum!

Lo Ho! Hum!

Isabel Burch.

Isabel Burch.

2321 Belloc St.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Region
Sask.

We feel that the Alumnae Association has had a very encouraging second year. We have met once a month, since September, at the school and have usually had refreshments after the business is over. This has been very nice, because most of us see each other so seldom. Our President, Jean MacPherson, and Jean McLean, the Secretary of the association, have both proved very capable.

At one of our first meetings, we entertained some of the new members of the staff. We were very glad of the opportunity to meet the teachers and we had a very pleasant evening.

We decided to have someone of interest to talk to us at each meeting; but so far we have only had one speaker—Mrs. C. C. Sinclair. She has for several years directed the University Glee Club production, which is usually a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. This year the Glee Club put on "The Gondoliers," so she told us of that and also a little of the history of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Alumnae's first big undertaking was a silver tea—the proceeds of which helped to buy curtains for the stage in the school gymnasium. Through the co-operation of Miss Foster, the staff, and our own members,

the tea was quite a success. The school later produced two one-act plays to complete the payment of the curtains which were hung for that occasion.

Before the end of the term we hope to have a basketball game with the present school team.

Last year the Alumnae held a tea for the graduating class at the home of Jean McLean. We hope to have one again this year to welcome the new graduates to our ranks.

It would be impossible to name the various occupations of all our members, so I will limit my list to last year's graduates.

Grace Sellers is spending a year at home in Fort William.

Sally Coyne is attending University—Arts.

Muriel Beth Gourley is attending King's Hall, Compton.

Charlotte Purdy is at home at The Pas.

Isobel Scott returned to Riverbend for her Grade XII. year.

Audrey Ross attended University but is now at home.

Gloria Stuart is at the Winnipeg School of Art.

Mary Bull is taking "specials" at the University and keeping up her music.

Mary Walston returned to Riverbend to complete Grade XII. Incidentally she is the 1933 School Captain.

Shelagh Cooney is taking a Science Course at University.

Helen Jane Nichols is taking Home Economics at Agricultural College.

Roberta Lee is attending University—Arts.

Mary Elizabeth McIntyre is taking Home Economics at Agricultural College.

Dorothy Young is taking her Senior Matriculation in Toronto.

Dorothy Creelman is taking Home Economics at Agricultural College.

Margaret Henry is also taking Home Economics at Agricultural College.

—Mary Elizabeth McIntyre.

EXCHANGE

We acknowledge with thanks the exchanges with Ravenscourt School and Rupert's Land College. These have been sources of ideas, inspirations and improvements. We admire the initiative and enthusiasm of the boys of Ravenscourt in publishing and printing their own magazine.

Next year we hope to have enlarged our exchange list.

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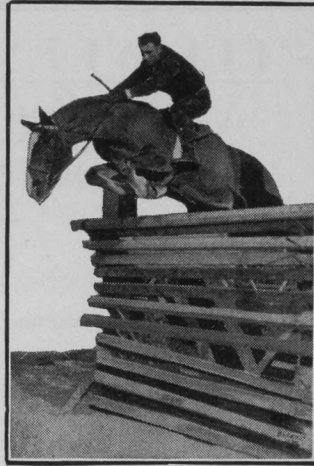
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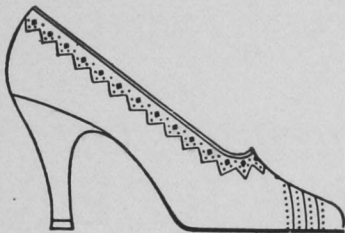
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